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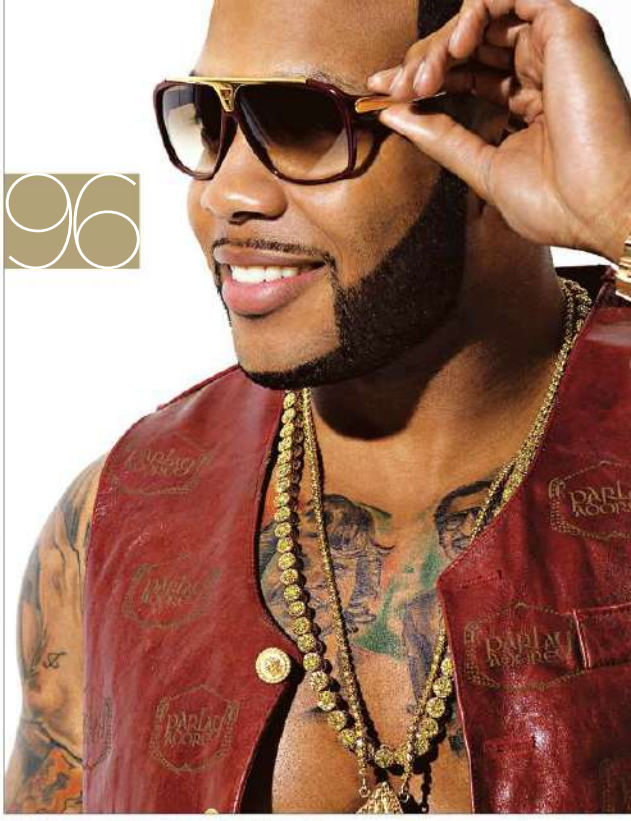

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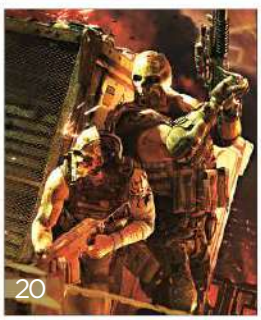

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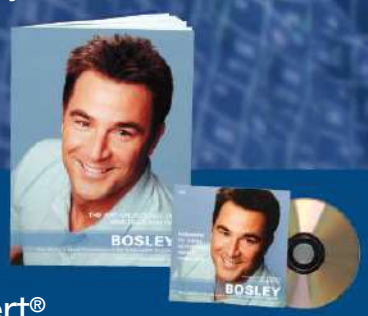

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Horny Husband

While Jessie was away on business I made plans to surprise her with a few things I'd picked up from an adult store we frequent. I was half-hard as I unpacked her gifts and stashed them in a decorative bag on a shelf in the bathroom.

As soon as she came through the door, I gave her a new silk kimono to lounge in, poured her a glass of wine, and ran a bath for her. When it was ready, I helped her into the bubbly water and gently bathed her with a large, soft sponge. I lingered around her breasts near her nipples, which had perked up with the attention. Jessie lay there with her eyes closed, basking in the pleasurable sensation caused by my ministrations. I gauged her level of contentment and felt it was time to move things along, so I started to get up. With her eyes still closed, Jessie asked, "Where are you going? You're not done yet."

I knelt back down and placed one warm, soapy hand on her tits and the other deep between her legs. Working my finger around the rim of her ass, I swirled my soapy digit into her tightness. She tensed, then immediately relaxed as I used my thumb to massage her clit. I held her head in my other hand and kissed her deeply. Jessie started to rock rhythmically, with her ass and pussy grinding seductively against my fingers. I could feel her working herself toward orgasm.

"I'm so close, but I don't want to come yet," she moaned.

"I don't want you to," I said, as I pulled the drain plug. "I'm going to leave you to rinse off and check out your welcome-home gifts," I said, pointing to the bag on the shelf. "I'll be waiting for you in the bedroom."

I left the bathroom, poured myself some wine, then headed for the bedroom. About 15 minutes later, I heard Jessie getting out of the shower.

She was nice and wet, so I pushed my way in and fucked her deep enough to feel my balls banging against her ass cheeks.

"I'll be out in a few," she said. I heard her testing out her new toy with the clit-tickler and dimmed the lights. Then Jessie came into the room looking awesome in the crotchless black fishnet body stocking and gold, strappy fuck-me pumps I'd bought her. She was totally irresistible and she knew it. Seeing her tits pressed against the netting had my dick pressing painfully against my zipper.

Then she walked toward me, placed one stiletto-clad foot on the corner of the bed, and sucked the clear cock-shaped vibe in her mouth before turning it on and rubbing it against her pussy.

"Does that outfit make you feel as hot as you look?" I asked. Instead of answering, Jessie leaned her head back and worked the pulsing dildo in and out of her pussy. Lost in her performance, Jessie didn't seem to notice that I'd stood up to enjoy the show from a different angle.

I moved behind her, and just as I reached down to massage her lush ass, Jessie began to groan deeply with an orgasm that seemed to go on forever. I held her through it, then, as she relaxed, I took the vibrator from her, put it on the nightstand, and lifted her onto the bed.

"I need to fuck," she said, pulling me toward her, our tongues diving in and out of each other's mouths. While we kissed, I pulled out my cock. She was nice and wet, so I pushed myself all the way in. As I fucked her deep enough to feel my balls banging against her ass cheeks, she gripped me with her arms and legs and used her heels to spur me on.

Usually Jessie comes only once, but as I ramped up my fucking to a faster pace, her breathing told me she was going to come again. I thrust into her as deeply as I could and started to come, just as Jessie groaned, "Don't stop fucking me," while another orgasm ripped through her.

Afterward, when I held her in my arms, she said she'd go away on business a week out of every month if she could always return to this kind of treatment.—*H.G., via e-mail*

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GOING GREEN

She said her friends called her "Jade." She was a beautiful Asian woman who'd come to the party by herself and she was talking to us—my boyfriend, Jake; and me. She had the most gorgeous eyes—emerald green. Her little black dress hugged her petite body in all the right places, and her well-shaped legs stemmed from slim ankles and the most tantalizing feet in velvet shoes.

I was mesmerized by her every movement. My boyfriend was, too, as Jade ran her fingers down his chest while leaning close to whisper in his ear. He whispered something back and she giggled. He had her hooked, but she kept looking at me. I could tell she was a little nervous—not knowing for certain if I wanted to play—and turned on at the same time.

She moved in closer as she talked, speaking quietly, barely audible over the din of the club. Her fingers toyed with a few strands of my hair as she spoke. She confessed she'd never been with a woman before, but she wanted to be with me. I asked her if I could kiss her. She said, "Please," and I did. Her sweet, red lips were soft and pillowy, but I felt the tension as she kissed me back.

My boyfriend reached out and cupped her breast and she gasped with pleasure. Then I felt her relax and the kiss deepened until we were both moaning.

"We should go over there," I said, motioning to the mattresses that had been set up.

"*Mmm,*" she moaned, "I want to fuck you *and* your boyfriend."

"We'd like that, Jade," I whispered, as Jake and I led her to the bed. "Go ahead, Jake, fuck her." He was only too happy to oblige. He quickly shed his pants, rolled on a condom, and entered her with one smooth motion. She gasped again. I lay down next to her and she kissed me, hard.

"Your boyfriend—he's so big!" she panted. Hearing her say that made me so wet. I kissed her pert nipples and her chest rose to meet my touch as my boyfriend plunged deeper inside her.

"Be gentle," I told him as I caressed her. He fucked her slowly, and with each plunge, she gasped and bucked up to meet him.

Then she reached for me and said, "I need to taste you—I want you both."

I straddled her face. When I was directly over her, I felt her soft tongue swirl over my pussy. She looped her small arms around my thighs to pull me close and to help her meet Jake's increasingly hard thrusts. Each time Jake slammed his thick cock into Jade's cunt, her tongue tunneled deep into my hole.

I rubbed my clit as I rode her tongue and shuddered in ecstasy. Jake has a long, thick cock, and I love to see the expressions on women's faces when he fucks them. I wished I could see Jade's, but her tongue felt so good inside me that I couldn't bear the thought of pulling away from her.

When I knew I was about to come, I rubbed even faster until I felt the orgasm explode through me in continuous waves of pleasure.

Jade was close to coming, and I wanted to—had to—feel it when she did. I lay beside her and kissed her again, this time tasting the remains of my climax on her lips. She screamed into my mouth and I felt her orgasm right down to my core. I pulled back in time to see the look of ecstasy on her face. I wanted to watch her come forever, but all too soon it was over.

With one deft motion, Jake pulled out, ditched the condom, and came all over her small breasts. Gently, I licked off his cream as she moaned and panted, exhausted. She kissed me once more and closed her green eyes.

Minutes later, we were dressed and had rejoined the rest of the crowd. People were starting to leave. Many young men came forward to ask for Jade's number, but she politely declined them all.

"I don't know if I like women," she cooed, fingering my hair, "but I like you and Jake." That was good enough for us.—*R.P., Massachusetts*

More letters on page 132

She'd never been with a woman, but she wanted me: "I want to fuck you *and* your boyfriend."

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Couples Retreat

"While the boys are away" is its own subgenre of porn, but Hollywood studios are also fond of depicting couples in which the women are doing it for themselves ... and for each other. The steamy sapphic hookups in *Bound* and *Henry & June* are just two of our Top 20. Enjoy!

ILLUSTRATION BY COULAS & LOURDES

Sexy Sapphic Couples

***I Love You Phillip Morris* stars Jim Carrey and Ewan McGregor as boyfriends. As intriguing as it is to imagine Ace Ventura falling for Obi-Wan Kenobi, they can't compete with these delicious girl-girl screen couples.**

By Melissa Anderson

1. Essy Persson and Anna Gaël (*Therese and Isabelle,* 1968)
Luscious Euro-hotties discover the love that dare not speak its name at an all-girls Catholic boarding school in Switzerland. These naughty nymphets get it on in a bathroom stall, the chapel, the woods, and, yes, in bed.

2. Beryl Reid and Susannah York (*The Killing of Sister George,* 1968)
Reid plays an older, randy butch to York's see-through-nightie-wearing femme in one of the first films to receive an X rating. The gals love clubbing and S&M rituals—the eat-my-cigar-butt scene is one for the ages—but eventually the dark dyke drama explodes.

3. Ingrid Pitt and Madeline Smith (*The Vampire Lovers,* 1970)
A ravenous bloodsucker (Pitt) seduces an ingénue (Smith) away from her gentleman companion and into her bed, leaving love bites all over the innocent girl's breasts and feverish visions in her brain. The young lass, of course, begs for more.

4. Delphine Seyrig and Andrea Rau (*Daughters of Darkness,* 1971)
Lesbian vamps are out for blood again, as a countess (Seyrig) arrives at a seaside resort with her pillow-lipped "secretary" (Rau, top right). Nothing can keep the insatiable sapphists away from the town's virgins—and an extremely bicurious newlywed.

5. Sylvia Kristel and Marika Green (*Emmanuelle,* 1974)

This soft-core classic features Kristel (bottom right) as a naive bride who moves to Bangkok with her diplomat husband—who encourages his wife to experiment with an older blonde, a tomboyish vixen, and an archaeologist (Green) who leads our heroine into the jungle.

6. Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly (*Personal Best,* 1982)

These Olympic pentathlete hopefuls (a pre-breast-enlargement Hemingway and one-time Olympic hurdler Donnelly) are fiercely competitive on the track—and work up quite a sweat between the sheets, too—then clean off during several shower scenes.

7. Susan Sarandon and Catherine Deneuve (*The Hunger,* 1983)

The world's sexiest vampiress (Deneuve) has little trouble seducing a hot-and-bothered physician (Sarandon), luring her into bed (and slurping her blood) in one of the steamiest girl-on-girl sex scenes of the eighties. Or, let's just admit it, in Hollywood history.

8. Helen Shaver and Patricia Charbonneau (*Desert Hearts,* 1985)

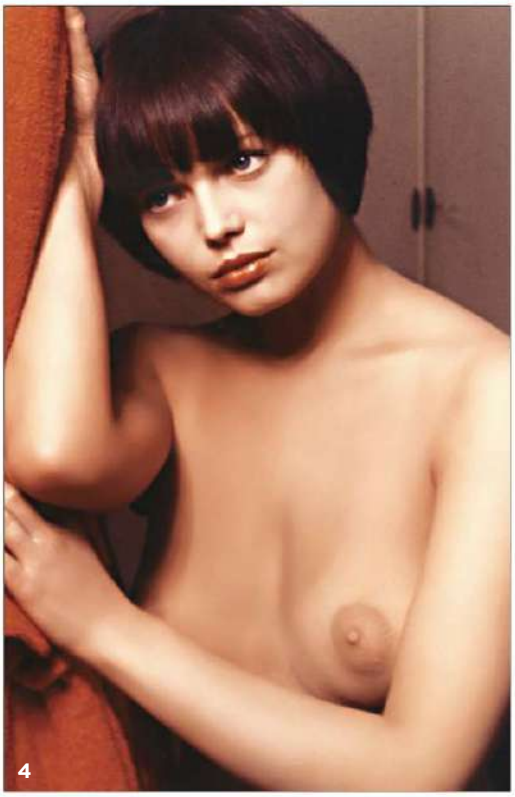
An uptight English professor (Shaver) heads to Reno to get a divorce and finds she can't take her eyes off a proudly out casino worker/sculptor (Charbonneau). Like all proper 1950s women, the prof tries to fight her feelings, but it isn't long before Charbonneau's character is teacher's pet.

9. Maria de Medeiros and Uma Thurman (*Henry & June,* 1990)

The overpowering lezzie lust depicted here between real-life 1930s erotica writer Anaïs Nin (de Medeiros) and writer Henry Miller's wife (a 20-year-old Thurman) made this the first film to receive the then-new NC-17 rating.

10. Kate Winslet and Melanie Lynskey (*Heavenly Creatures,* 1994)

Before he became a Hollywood Big Man on Campus with the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, Peter Jackson directed this true-crime tale of 1950s fantasy-prone teenagers (Winslet, in her big-screen debut, and Lynskey)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who, after they become lovers, become murderers.

11. Amanda Plummer and Saskia Reeves (*Butterfly Kiss,* 1995)

In this sapphic version of *Natural Born Killers,* fierce, nipple-clamp-wearing homicidal dyke (Plummer) meets mild-mannered gas-station attendant (Reeves). After they kiss passionately, Reeves's character will do anything for her new girlfriend—even kill.

12. Laurel Holloman and Nicole Parker (*The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love,* 1995)

Before playing *The L Word*'s hyper-femme Tina Kennard, Holloman starred as a lily-white, blue-collar teenage tomboy who puts the moves on a sheltered African-American (Parker) who's just broken up with her boyfriend and needs a little "unsheltering."

13. Pascale Bussières and Rachael Crawford (*When Night Is Falling,* 1995)

After a straight mythology professor (Bussières) gets her clothes mixed up with those of a foxy circus performer (Crawford), she seeks out the mystery woman. Before long, she's swinging just as much as Crawford's trapeze-artist colleagues.

14. Gina Gershon and Jennifer Tilly (*Bound,* 1996)

A tattooed, butch ex-con (Gershon) meets a gangster moll (Tilly). These two dirty dames get it on nonstop; between steamy sex sessions, they hatch a plot to steal $2 million from Tilly's mobster boyfriend.

15. Angelina Jolie and Elizabeth Mitchell (*Gia,* 1998)

We're cheating a little with this HBO TV movie, but when it's got Angie in one of her breakthrough roles, as real-life eighties lesbian supermodel Gia Carangi, how could we skip it? Gia was a hellcat with a hankering for heroin,

16

9

5

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (*DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS*) SHOWKING/ROXY/SNC/THE KOBAL COLLECTION

but the doomed diva also had an intense craving for Mitchell's makeup artist.

16. Ally Sheedy and Radha Mitchell (*High Art,* 1998)

Smack also affects the relationship between Sheedy's drugged-out, once-famous photog and Mitchell's wide-eyed, ambitious, sexually curious photo-magazine employee. Each is desperate for what the other can give her, so they play mind games as much as they diddle each other.

17. Maria Schrader and Juliane Köhler (*Aimée & Jaguar,* 1999)

Sometimes truth really is stranger than fiction: Schrader is scorching as a Jewish lesbian and Resistance fighter in World War II Berlin who falls in love with a mother of four who's married to a Nazi officer (Köhler).

18. Naomi Watts and Laura Elena Harring (*Mulholland Drive,* 2001)

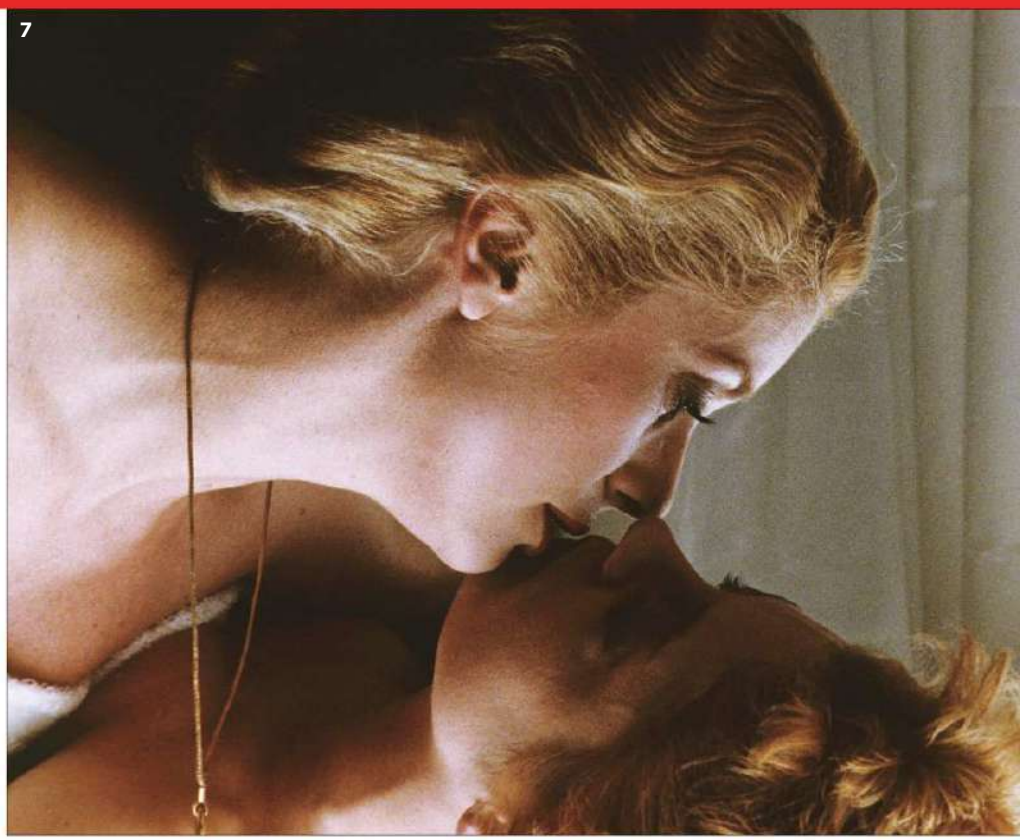
The tagline for David Lynch's poison valentine to Hollywood calls it "a love story in the City of Dreams." Make that a *lesbian* love story, mesmerizingly captured by Watts and Harring—the screen's hottest blonde/brunette couple—first as a real dream, then as a waking nightmare.

19. Jennifer Westfeldt and Heather Juergensen (*Kissing Jessica Stein,* 2001)

A nice hetero Jewish girl (Westfeldt), single for far too long, responds to a W-seeking-W ad placed by Juergensen, who's fed up with dudes and looking for lady love. They meet, they kiss, they do more—then try to figure out what to do next.

20. Charlize Theron and Christina Ricci (*Monster,* 2003)

Real-life serial killer Aileen Wuornos (Theron) falls hard for a small-town Florida girl (Ricci), making moves on her at a roller rink. Theron becomes completely devoted to her demanding young lover, forgiving her even when she testifies against her.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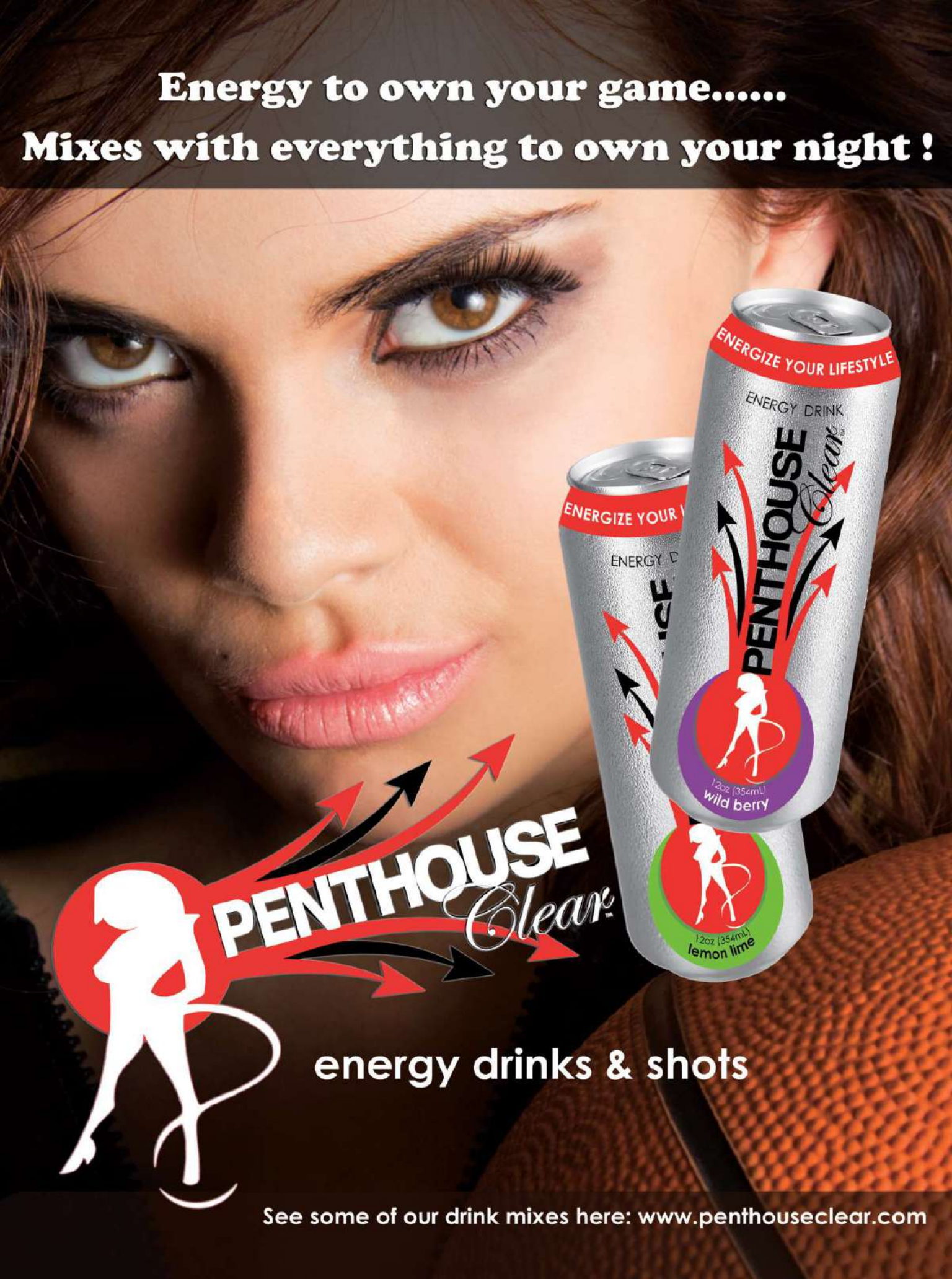
(*THE HUNGER*) MGM/UA/THE KOBAL COLLECTION

Energy to own your game.....

Mixes with everything to own your night !



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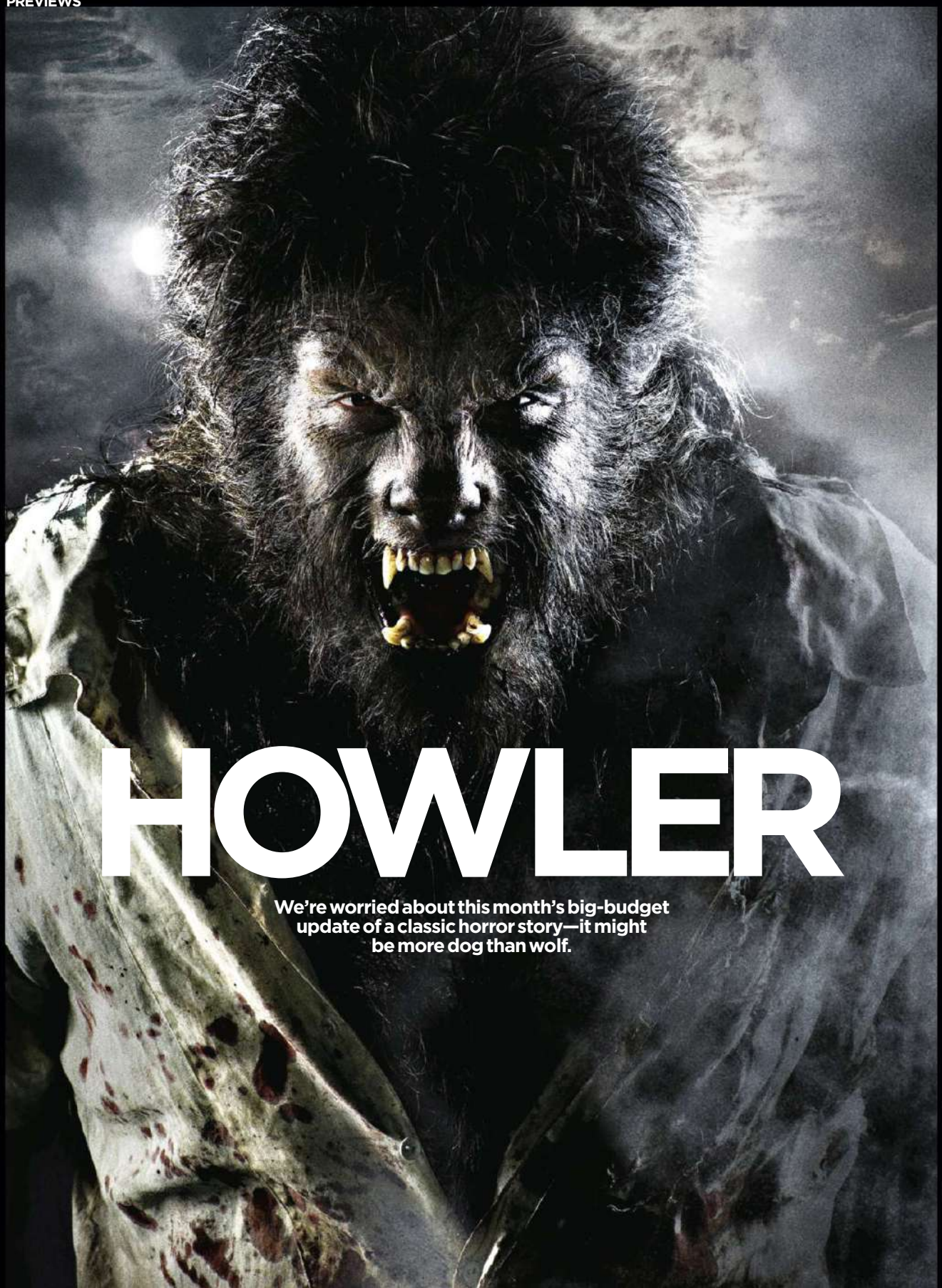


HOWLER

We're worried about this month's big-budget update of a classic horror story—it might be more dog than wolf.

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

The Wolfman
Anthony Hopkins, Benicio Del Toro, Emily Blunt

Casting the sufficiently lupine Del Toro in the title role seems right, and scenery-chewer Hopkins, who plays Wolfie's estranged Victorian dad, is always good for an eye roll or two. Plus, the atmospherics look impressively dread-soaked, and Blunt (*The Devil Wears Prada*) brings out the animal in us. But this huge-budgeted return to the classic character (also a beloved plastic Halloween mask) has us slightly worried. It's been delayed and re-edited, and we howled upon hearing that the man-to-wolf transformations are fully computerized—a sin if you remember the genius makeup effects Rick Baker did for *An American Werewolf in London.* But who knows? If the moon and audience appetites are right, this potential dud could transform into a box-office beast.

Bloodsuckers vs. Flesh-Rippers

Given the recent popularity (or, more accurately, obnoxious glut) of all things vampire, along with this month's *Wolfman* update, we got to thinking about the age-old rivalry between these two staples of classic horror—particularly, which genre is more likely to get you laid on date night.

Vampires have the more classic pedigree: Bela Lugosi made his female fans squeal in the original ***Dracula,*** and Martin Landau, playing a washed-up Lugosi in ***Ed Wood,*** offered this choice tip: "If you want to make out with a young lady, take her to see *Dracula.*" Even potato-faced Gary Oldman, buried under ridiculous wigs in Francis Ford Coppola's 1992 ***Bram Stoker's Dracula,*** produced the desired effect on Winona Ryder.

But wolves are no slouches when it comes to firing female loins. In the ultimate Hollywood redundancy, Jack Nicholson starred in ***Wolf*** and racked up on-screen bedpost notches to rival his real-life ones. Even Canadian square Michael J. Fox became sexually potent in ***Teen Wolf,*** and had to fight off the advances of school babe Lorie Griffin. And in the underrated gem ***Ginger Snaps,*** a teenage girl finds her bedroom appetites turning ravenous after being bitten one night by "that dog."

It's safe to assume that *any* supernatural gifts are welcome in the sack, but we're inclined to side with the virile wolf over the gothy vampire in this debate.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (FROM PARIS WITH LOVE) RICO TORRES

Edge of Darkness
Mel Gibson, Danny Huston, Ray Winstone

Forgive the boring title; the original 1986 miniseries—about a detective investigating the murder of his activist daughter—is revered in its native England with a passion usually reserved for Robbie Williams. Hollywood's remake stars Gibson (remember him?) and sounds a hell of a lot like a nuked-up season of *24*. Director Martin Campbell returns to his Thatcher-era TV triumph to resculpt the paranoia; he won't want to fail the legacy of his first go-round. Robert De Niro bailed on a role (it went to Winstone) in the early days of shooting, but considering his recent career choices (did you *see Righteous Kill*?), that actually speaks well for this movie.

From Paris With Love
John Travolta, Jonathan Rhys Meyers

Here comes another snazzy-looking thriller-comedy in the vein of *Mr. & Mrs. Smith,* swapping out Brangelina for finicky operative Rhys Meyers and his new partner, a bald, cackling Travolta. You know where this is going—Travolta will shoot bazookas from a speeding car, taking out dozens of bad guys while making Tarantino-esque wisecracks and teaching his uptight partner a thing or two about effective espionage—but that doesn't mean the ride won't be fun.

Legion
Paul Bettany, Dennis Quaid, Charles S. Dutton

You may have seen the (literally) over-the-top trailer—the one in which a sweet-faced granny suddenly turns flesh-eating demon and starts crawling on the ceiling. Turns out there's a whole movie attached to it. In the near future, God decides to destroy humankind with a biblical plague of evil angels. Good thing professional pained-guy Bettany has fluttered down from heaven to play on our team. Most of the movie takes place at a New Mexico greasy spoon subtly named Paradise Falls and attended by check-cashing actors like Quaid and Dutton.

Maybe you saw the over-the-top trailer for *Legion,* where a sweet-faced granny suddenly turns flesh-eating demon and starts crawling on the ceiling.

Sophomore

Vampire Weekend override the hype and the haters on their excellent second album.

BY ANDY GREENWALD

PHOTOGRAPH BY SORENSOLKAER STARBIRD

Trump

Contra proves the hype is deserved: It's exhilarating, diverse, often beautiful, and always stunningly musical—and a (very) early contender for Album of the Year.

VAMPIRE WEEKEND
Contra
XL

Two years ago, the Afropop-dabbling prepsters in Vampire Weekend exploded from their Columbia University dorm into what passes for superfame these days: magazine covers, *Saturday Night Live* appearances, Internet acclaim, and then, naturally, Internet backlash. *Contra* proves the hype is deserved: It's exhilarating, diverse, often beautiful, and always stunningly musical—and a (very) early contender for Album of the Year. Forget Paul Simon comparisons: From the melodic falsetto on "White Sky" to the surf-guitar freak-out on "Cousins," the only band Vampire Weekend sounds like in 2010 is itself. And that's a very good thing.

HOT CHIP
One Life Stand
Astralwerks

Hot Chip, named for a well-warmed french fry, is certainly unique: five shy, bespectacled Brits bashing out sweet-natured disco tunes about monkeys with miniature cymbals. But *One Life Stand*, the group's surprisingly good fourth album, swaps the humor for heart. "I feel better," sings an auto-tuned Alexis Taylor on the song of the same title, while synthy strings tell us he's lying. Best of all is the deeply melancholy "Alley Cats." Taylor sings, "We have an unhappy cat," as a 4/4 beat thumps moodily behind him. Pet psychology never sounded so good.

STORY OF THE YEAR
The Constant
Epitaph

We've got to hand it to Story of the Year: It's the sign of a brave band to open an album with the dulcet sound of singing children. But unfortunately it's the sign of a very bad band to produce the song that follows, a horrifically maudlin yet totally earnest dirge called (what else?) "The Children Sing." Things are slightly better on the rest of this tough-guy St. Louis sextet's fourth album, stuffed as it is with adequately wide-screen emo-metal ballads like "I'm Alive" and "Holding Onto You." But the damage has been done. Next time, think of the children!

SPOON
Transference
Merge

In some fields consistency is a good thing: baseball, say, or brain surgery. But it's rarely valued in rock 'n' roll, where most bands boom and bust at lightning speed. Allow us to present Spoon as a counterpoint: The Texas quartet has been the most consistent band of the decade, with a near-flawless catalog of fuzzy, fascinating, R&B-kissed indie rock. Album No. 7 is another winner, dabbling in psychedelic folk ("The Mystery Zone"), Kinks-style pop ("Trouble Comes Running"), and hauntingly funky soul ("Who Makes Your Money"). In a genre of hares, it always pays to keep an eye on the tortoise.

Army of Two: The 40th Day

EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Get ready to kick co-op ass. The sequel to the acclaimed *Army of Two* features all-new missions, moves, and one-liners. This time, you and your mercenary buddy are in Shanghai when a private military force starts blowing up the city. Your partner—either Salem or Rios can be played by your buddy or by the computer, after you choose to play as the other—enables you to perform two-man maneuvers that help you both survive. There's also an improved cover system, killer guns that you can steal from dead enemies, and the ability to customize your weapon with found parts or to swap parts among guns.

A benefit of a real-life teammate is that you can use the aggro meter to work together and get through a level. If, when you're heavily outnumbered, one guy gets the enemy's attention—such as by laying down suppressive fire with a turret—the other can sneak up undetected for a melee kill. Or, if you're both pinned down, try faking your own death when the on-screen prompt comes on. This works best in a crowded area when your partner can take the heat, but don't do it too often. Eventually, the enemies will catch on.

It's not all fun and mayhem, though. You have to make some difficult decisions along the way, such as whether or not to murder the guys who hired you—and the consequences affect gameplay. The multiplayer modes include Deathmatch and a variation on Capture the Flag, in addition to the original's Warzone and Extraction. If you can find a good partner—and yes, we know that's easier said than done—you'll have a hell of a time blasting through this military coup.

ALIEN VS. PREDATOR

SEGA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

The original *AvP* project was the 1999 PC game. Now you can battle movie monsters again, with much better graphics but with the same seasoned developers in charge. As before, you can step into the body of an Alien, a Predator, or a Colonial Marine.

Rocks: Blasting Aliens in two with the Predator's plasma cannon and doing the trophy kills with your wrist blades is cool. The different fighting and defense skills of each faction allow for decent replayability. While fighting as a space marine is similar to traditional first-person shooters, slinking around and dropping on enemies as an Alien and ripping off heads as a Predator clearly are not.

Flops: The premise sounds like a blast, but it's basically the earlier game again. Playing the Alien is disorienting at best and leaves you stuck with mediocre graphics while you explore corridor after corridor. Playing the Marine is just foolish. We don't see any way for humans to win against those guys. That leaves playing as a Predator, and although their guerrilla-style warfare is fun, we wish the other two factions were more exciting.

DANTE'S INFERNO

EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PSP)

The game developers have made plenty of changes to Dante Alighieri's story. The poet has been transformed into a crusader who fights with a scythe, a cross, and magic spells. The ethereal Beatrice he must rescue is now Lucifer's mistress. It's probably causing the real Dante to roll over in his grave. Then again, maybe after all those years he spent in exile, he's flattered.

Rocks: This action-adventure title has the best game environments we've ever seen, courtesy of Wayne Barlowe, who designed cinematic creatures for *Hellboy II* and *Avatar*. There are a lot of boobs; unfortunately, they're mostly on creepy creatures like Cleopatra—whom Dante ends up on top of at one point—but tits are tits. It's extremely bloody and visceral. You can create your own levels and enemies with the downloadable *Trials of St. Lucia* expansion.

Flops: The game borrows heavily from *God of War* on everything from the weapon mechanics to the on-screen button prompts. Dante purists—assuming any of them are gamers—won't be pleased to find out that the poet is capable of saving or punishing some of the souls he comes across in the seven circles of Hell. The right analog stick's camera control has been replaced with the ability to make quick evasion moves, but the environment is exacting: In many locations, moves have to be completed in an exact sequence or Dante dies; repeating the scene over again becomes tedious very quickly.

PREVIEWS

MASS EFFECT 2
EA (XBOX 360, PC)

When *Mass Effect* launched in November 2007, the shooter genre was revolutionized; suddenly, a compelling storyline was a key component of a game. In *ME,* conversations meant something, and the moral decisions were complicated and difficult. The sequel takes place two years after the close of the first game and continues the sci-fi storyline with new villains—the Collectors—who are intent on using their Reaper-derived weaponry to wipe out the human race.

We're excited about:

• the tightened controls, graphics, and combat.

• the new heavy-weapons system, featuring gear like rocket-propelled grenades.

• the ability to carry on the story you started in *Mass Effect* with the use of your save file. (Of course, now you'll have to consider a possible *ME3* when you're deciding whether or not to kill off Commander Shepard.)

• the new "interrupt" system for the lengthy dialogue sequences that had some gamers at their wits' end the first time around.

We're worried about:
nothing ... yet.

MAG
SONY (PS3)

If you like the idea of playing online with countless other faceless gamers, but hate killing orcs and casting magic spells, try *Massive Action Game*. This first-person massive multiplayer online game is all shooter, all the time. You customize a soldier in one of the three military companies involved in what's known as the shadow war with weapons, gear, and a distinctive face before launching into the game and fighting within your company to take down the other two. One company is high-tech, one is regular, and one is low-tech.

We're excited about:

• giant battlefields that can hold up to 256 real players but still give you the feeling of being in a four-person squad.

• exploring the different weaponry and tactics of the mercenary companies, from the high-tech Raven to the guerrilla-styled S.V.E.R.

• commanding the army.

We're worried about:
how long an online-only shooter can hold our attention.

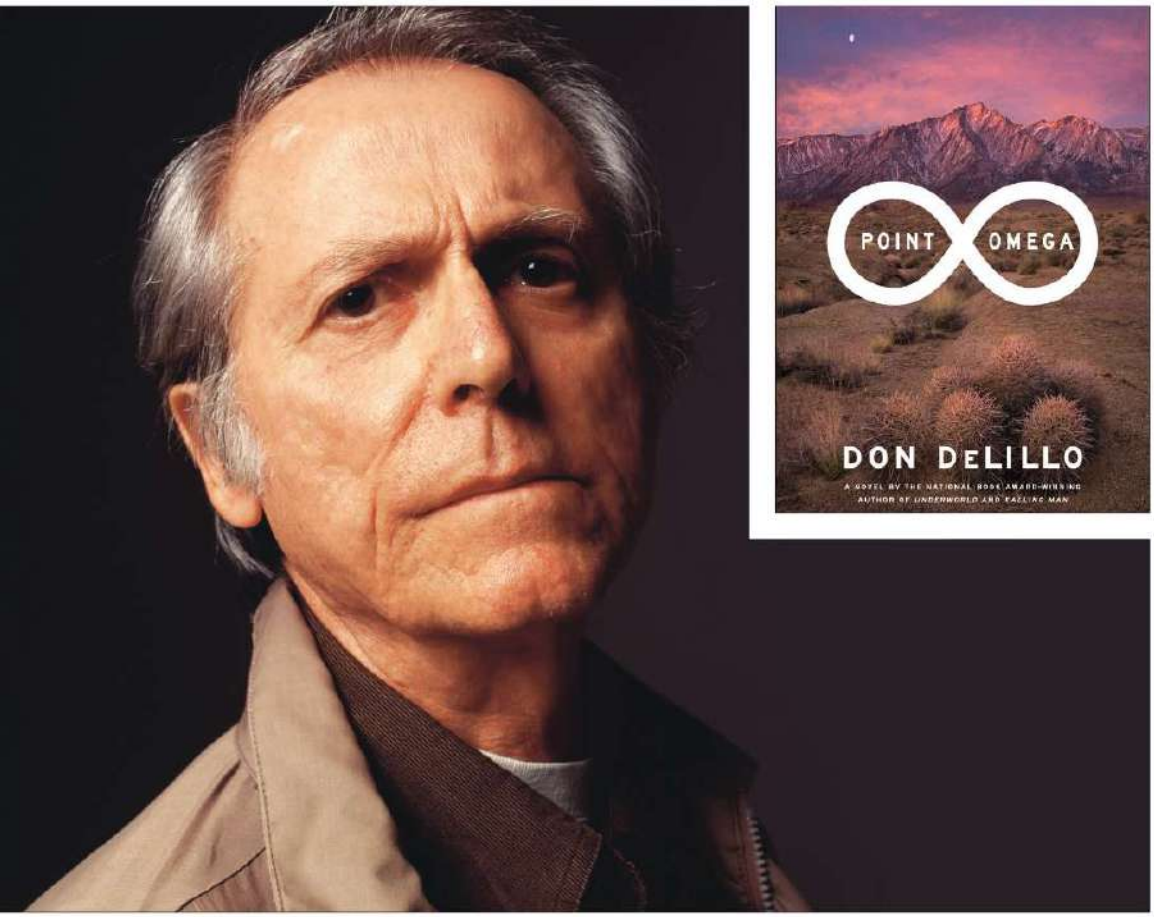
FIRST LOOK

METRO 2033
THQ (XBOX 360, PC)

Far from the Kremlin and Vladimir Lenin's embalmed body, in an unassuming neighborhood, lies the entrance to a secret bunker that would have been used by the Soviets had the Cold War ever heated up. Here, 180 feet below the surface of the city, is where journalists are getting the first look at *Moscow 2033,* a postapocalyptic title based on Dmitry Glukhovsky's novel of the same name that was published on the Internet in 2002. Glukhovsky quickly became one of Russia's most popular authors, and worked closely with new developers 4A Games on this haunting first-person-shooter/survival horror title. *Doom* meets *Fallout 3,* if you will.

You play Artyom, a nuclear-war survivor entrusted with traveling to subway stations and stopping mysterious creatures, the Dark Ones, from preying on people. Within each Metro stop—none of which, unfortunately, is nearly as breathtaking as the real ones that Stalin commissioned—are mini societies, each with its own politics. The residents are none too pleased to see a stranger around their parts, so in addition to fighting off mutated dogs and other creatures, you've got to watch out for your fellow humans. After all, they don't have much to lose.

Artyom can explore the demolished surface city only at night, and with a gas mask. Blame the nonexistent ozone layer for that. But the tunnels and subway stations give you more than enough ground to cover. You'll have to watch your limited ammo along the way and trade prewar bullets for homemade goods and weapons. There's a true richness to this otherwise dismal underground world, which gave me a new appreciation for ours. After ten hours in the bunker, I was more than happy to come up to the fresh, crisp air.



Black Ops

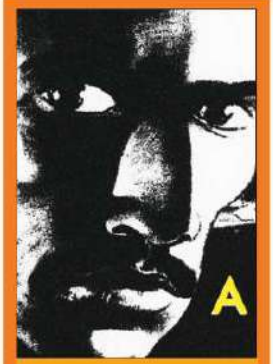
Don DeLillo's new novel shines his high-powered perception on the unseen policy makers in the U.S. war on terror.

Point Omega
By Don DeLillo (Scribner)

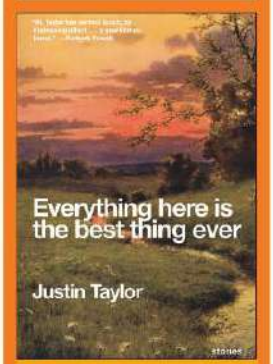
The phrase "extraordinary rendition" is a baroque euphemism applied to the U.S. government's recent program of covert extradition, isolation, and, allegedly, torture of suspected terrorists. American master DeLillo takes it as an impetus for his short, haunting new novel, in which a former government adviser—an intellectual recruited by the U.S. to help frame its war plan—retreats to a remote desert outpost to decompress after his service. A filmmaker visits him, hoping to document the scholar's role in the war effort in a one-take film—"just a man against a wall," as the filmmaker puts it. Soon, the former adviser's enigmatic daughter joins them in the desert.

In New York City, another man, an anonymous loner, stands against a wall in a darkened museum gallery watching *24-Hour Psycho,* a video work consisting of the Hitchcock film projected on a screen at two frames per second, stretched out to a 24-hour running time.

When these two storylines—charged with meaning, abstraction, and disconnection—eventually cross, they might as well be live wires.
—John Bolster



Afrodisiac
By Jim Rugg and Brian Maruca
These blaxploitation-inspired comics from AdHouse Books feature a title character with a ripped body, a huge Afro, and superfly retro suits. He is most often seen in the company of fine females, whether he is blasting his way to victory with "fist logic" or with his brain, as when he defeats God in a game of checkers. *Afrodisiac* is a fun, funny homage, capturing the feel of the seventies in all its over-the-top glory.



Everything Here Is the Best Thing Ever
By Justin Taylor
The subjects in Taylor's debut story collection, from Harper Perennial, include angels, dysfunctional families, and young men in search of love, religion, and a place in the world. Taylor etches his characters and settings in spare, affecting prose. Beautiful lines leap from the pages, and we gladly enter Taylor's vivid world, even as it transforms what we know about ourselves and others into something slippery and ever-changing.

DON DELILLO PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY/CPI

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Raging Bull

This rare, limited-edition sports car from Lamborghini is truly the stuff wet dreams are made of.

THANK YOU, MR. BALBONI

One of the world's most respected test-drivers gets the ultimate accolade: a 550-horsepower supercar with his name on it.

By Bill Heald

As we struggle with the sluggish economy and an uncertain job market, it's good to know there are still some pretty cool gigs out there. In fact, it's never a bad idea to aim for a true dream job, because some folks have not only experienced but excelled at what could be called the ultimate occupations.

One of these rare, enviable individuals is Valentino Balboni, who until his recent retirement was the chief test-driver for Automobili Lamborghini, S.p.A. Balboni didn't just put the latest top-shelf exotic machinery through its paces; he was also one of the few selected to help develop the ultimate supercars by Ferruccio Lamborghini himself, the architect of one of the most exotic sports-car lines in creation.

Lamborghini could have hired just about anybody in his quest to secure the marque's name in the history of high-performance automobiles. He chose Balboni because he'd watched him develop as a mechanic's apprentice and noticed the young gun possessed the rare ability to interpret exactly what a car does at the outer limits—and to control it safely when he pushed it past the tipping point. Balboni was also adept at communicating his impressions to Lamborghini designers and engineers, thus playing an integral part in the formation of some of the finest sporting exotica in the world.

Imagine getting up for work every day knowing you're going to be

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	5.2-liter V-10
Power	550 horsepower
Torque	398 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed, optional sequential E-Gear system
Front tires	235/35 ZR19
Rear tires	295/30 ZR19
Curb weight	3,042 pounds

PERFORMANCE	
0–60	3.9 seconds
Top speed	199 mph
Fuel capacity	23.8 gallons
Fuel economy (est.)	12 city/20 highway
Base price	$219,800

It takes special talent to test-drive a supercar, and special recognition to thank the man who did it daily for your engineers.

flogging the hottest four-wheelers ever conceived, and putting your mark on how they handle at the ragged edge. Balboni did this for about 40 years, until Italian labor laws dictated he had to retire. He drove pretty much every Lamborghini prototype ever developed, and most production cars were test-driven by him before they were delivered to customers to ensure they were correctly prepared. To show its appreciation for Balboni's work, the company built a special-edition (limited to 250 units worldwide) Lamborghini Gallardo that bears his name—fitting since the Gallardo is the most successful model the Italian car manufacturer has ever produced.

The Lamborghini Gallardo LP 550-2 Valentino Balboni is the stuff wet dreams are made of, and a fitting tribute to a very accomplished man. The "550" stands for the horsepower and the "2" is for rear-wheel drive, selected because of its ability to drift under power (so you can use controlled oversteer to safely launch the powerful car around the sharpest corners). This makes it the only Lamborghini in the lineup that's not all-wheel drive, and further enhances its exclusivity and desirability.

The engineering is remarkable. Not only is the V-10 mill amazingly powerful, the design of the chassis is tuned to make the application of all that muscle as efficient and user-friendly as possible. Balance in the Balboni edition was optimized by moving the transmission to the rear axle, and everything from suspension rates to the aerodynamics of the body have been altered to achieve Balboni's highest seal of approval. The Electronic Stability Program is adjustable and includes a Corsa setting that "permits greater drift angles, thus enabling drivers to enjoy the dynamics of the LP 550-2 to their full extent." Translation: You can hang out the tail under heavy throttle while screaming "Yeehaw!" yet avoid sliding this raging bull into your neighbor's front porch.

This car's mission in life is to be hardwired to all your senses, from the visceral, auditory glory of the engine to the svelte, sensual lines of the body to the way the car's driving dynamics peg your personal G-meter when cornering or accelerating. It's the best of all worlds, and no one says it better than Balboni himself: "A Lamborghini must always combine the precision of a race car with the reliability of a good friend."

The Brawler From Bavaria

BMW gets serious about World Superbike Racing and aims to beat the other guys at their own game.

By Bill Heald

The action in World Superbike Racing is some of the best you'll see in any form of motor sports, and it's all the more entertaining when you realize the bikes thundering around the track start life as street-legal production machines you can ride to work every day. BMW has a long history of road racing, but aside from the release of the HP2 Sport that was campaigned primarily in endurance racing, the company hasn't been as visible in the sport as it was a few decades ago.

The HP2 had all the classic and unique BMW features, including an air-cooled boxer twin engine, A-arm Telelever front suspension instead of telescopic forks, a single-sided rear swingarm, and shaft final drive. But as well as that bike performed, BMW decided to embrace more conventional designs (and imbue them with BMW technology) in order to compete at the World Superbike level and take on the superbikes that have years of development under their belts. The S1000RR is the result, and the street version the race bike is based on is a departure from typical BMW design practice in that it uses the more familiar engineering solutions found on its marketplace opponents. An indication of how serious BMW is at being competitive on the world stage is that rather than take years to develop its unique engines and suspension systems to do battle at the top rung of two-wheeled, production-based motor sports, it has incorporated proven racing components to get quicker results. The S1000RR you can score at your local dealer is a blend of the best in real-world racing kits, enhanced by BMW's engineering, workmanship, and innovative new

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled, inline four
Bore x stroke	80 mm x 49.7 mm
Displacement	999 cc
Fuel system	Digital fuel injection with engine management
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	46-mm inverse telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs, radial calipers, optional ABS
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc, optional ABS
Front tire	120/70-ZR17
Rear tire	190/55-ZR17
Fuel tank	4.6 gallons
Wheelbase	56.4 inches
Seat height	32.3 inches
Wet weight	449 pounds
MSRP	$13,800

engine, braking, and traction-control technologies.

The inline-four engine benefits from BMW's Formula 1 experience and squeezes out nearly 200 horsepower at just under 1,000 ccs. An aluminum "bridge" frame tilts the engine at a radical 32 degrees for better handling, and gives the bike a wasplike waistline as narrow as that of a 600-cc sport bike. In typical BMW fashion, some of the most interesting innovations revolve around the electronics front. There are different engine-response settings, including Sport, Rain, Race, and Slick. The last mode is designed for use with racing slicks, and takes some under-the-seat tweaking to engage, while the other modes are activated via a handlebar switch. Optional Race ABS and Dynamic Traction Control are track-spec technologies to be used under extreme track-riding conditions, so they still give the rider control over the bike, but intervene if things get too hairy. All this is crafted into a chassis that uses the best in suspension components, both familiar and proven, making the S1000RR a formidable competitor on street or track. The wildest thing of all? It's surprisingly affordable.

At first glance this superbike may look a lot like the other guys, but dig deep and you'll find a soul that's pure BMW.

Love the Glove

Touch-tech devices are great, but how do you avoid frostbite while texting your buddy about the hot girl you hooked up with the night before? With touch-screen-friendly gloves, of course. Winter, meet your match.

By Rebecca Swanner

Touchy
EtreTouchy.com
$33.25
Sure, these wool gloves are compatible with all touch-screen devices, but that's because they're missing the tips of the thumb and index finger. We think that's kinda cheating, and we have not been lamenting the demise of the fingerless-glove trend. On the other hand, they do get the job done, and done well, and they're simple and nondescript enough for most self-respecting men to wear without embarrassment.

D200
DotsGloves.com
$25
Sometimes you get what you pay for. The $15 D105, the lowest-end model, is acrylic-knit, and the conductive but bulky fingertips make texting a chore. Shell out an extra ten bucks for the D200. The nylon shell and fleece lining will keep your hands much warmer, and the embroidered pads on the thumb and first two fingers make navigating apps a breeze.

Urban
180s.com
$40
Want to avoid looking like you're glued to your gear? Try these water-resistant thermal gloves, which will keep your secret on the down low—almost. The subtle fabric pads on the fingers and the silver sheen on the fingers and thumb will give you away to a woman who's really paying attention—but if she's looking at you that closely, you're probably in anyway. The same Tec Touch 2.0 technology is available on a half-dozen other 180s styles.

Tävo Gloves
TävoProducts.com
$27.95 to $29.50
These wind-resistant fleece gloves have PlayPoint technology that enables them to sport the same functionality as their kin—raised silicone pads on the palm and fingers for grip and electrically conductive fingertips—but stick with plain black. Some of their other color schemes will make it look like you're getting fashion tips from Lady Gaga.

E-Tip
TheNorthFace.com
$40
If you're willing to let your geek flag fly, the silicone-composed circuit pattern on these slim-fit gloves does it with a certain flair. The insulating shell is X-Static, a fiber made from 99.9 percent silver, which serves as a barrier against bacteria. That means you can worry a little less about germs when you're playing with someone else's device. We'll be the first to admit that this look is not for everyone, but the gloves will keep your hands warm while you photograph ski bunnies.

APPLE GLOVES

In 2007, Apple kicked the touch-screen revolution into high gear with the launch of the iPhone; the company also filed a patent for a glove that could be used with the device. Say what you want about Apple's quest for world domination—Steve Jobs and company usually know what they're doing when it comes to design. If the two-layer glove ever goes from paper to the production line, it could end up being the most fashionable and functional touch-screen-friendly option available.

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Flirtext Rules for Guys

Our book telling girls how to text you has been a big hit. But lots of girls say their biggest problem is *your* messages. Here's some of what they want from you.

By Debra Goldstein and Olivia Baniuszewicz

Your first text should make her smile, laugh, and blush. Do all three and you're a sure thing. Here are five tips to help you concoct the initial text:

1. Do not ask a girl out in your first text message to her. We hand out our phone numbers with no intention of going out with you at all, just like you say you're going to call and then don't. We don't want to hurt your feelings and do want to avoid an awkward situation. Therefore, waiting to ask us out until a few texts in lessens your risk of being shot down. Plus the witty back-and-forth may even warm us up. A great initial text will make even disinterested girls go crazy waiting to see what/when you're going to respond.

2. Send the first text within 48 hours of meeting us. Sending it the night we meet takes away the thrill of the chase.

3. Reestablish the connection. Truth be told, we may not remember meeting and exchanging numbers. Blame it on the darkness of the venue or the three tequila shots. Refer to something the two of us discussed. By doing this, you create an instant connection that will make us feel more comfortable and willing to text you back.

4. Be funny. A great sense of humor is one of the top three qualities every girl looks for in a man. Since you have the time and won't risk messing up the delivery, go for it. Not funny by nature? Steal someone else's lines or poke fun at her in a playful manner.

5. Avoid generic texts. A lot of great guys think that the following initial text is okay to send to girls: "Hey there! It was great meeting you [tonight, yesterday, whenever]. Would love to meet up for a drink sometime if you're down. Talk soon—Travis." The only good thing about this text is that Travis didn't use any abbreviations ... which are typically the first sign of a lost cause. Originality plays a big role in how you pick up a girl, and sets the tone for what could be a budding relationship. We can't tell you how many times we've eighty-sixed a guy because his initial text was lame.

If text messages show up automatically on the screen of your phone, don't leave it out for us to see.

When It's Not Okay to Text:

Canceling or rescheduling a date. We'll think you're uninterested if you cancel over text and will be less likely to accept your rain-check date.

After sex. We already feel a little slutty for having sex with you while not in a committed relationship. Call us the next day to reconfirm that we are not sluts and the attraction is mutual.

When you say you'll call. If you say you're gonna call, call. If you text instead, then we'll think you don't like us and will start flirtexting other guys who do what they say they're gonna do. Stick with what you say!

When our pet dies. Even though you only met Peanut once and hated him, we loved him and are traumatized by his sudden death. Call us to show us you care, even if you don't.

Serious date invites. When asking us to meet the family, accompany you to prom, charity events, weekend getaways, or a wedding in Vermont, do it over the phone or in person. It shows chivalry.

Breakup. If we've dated for longer than six weeks, don't break things

TEXTING

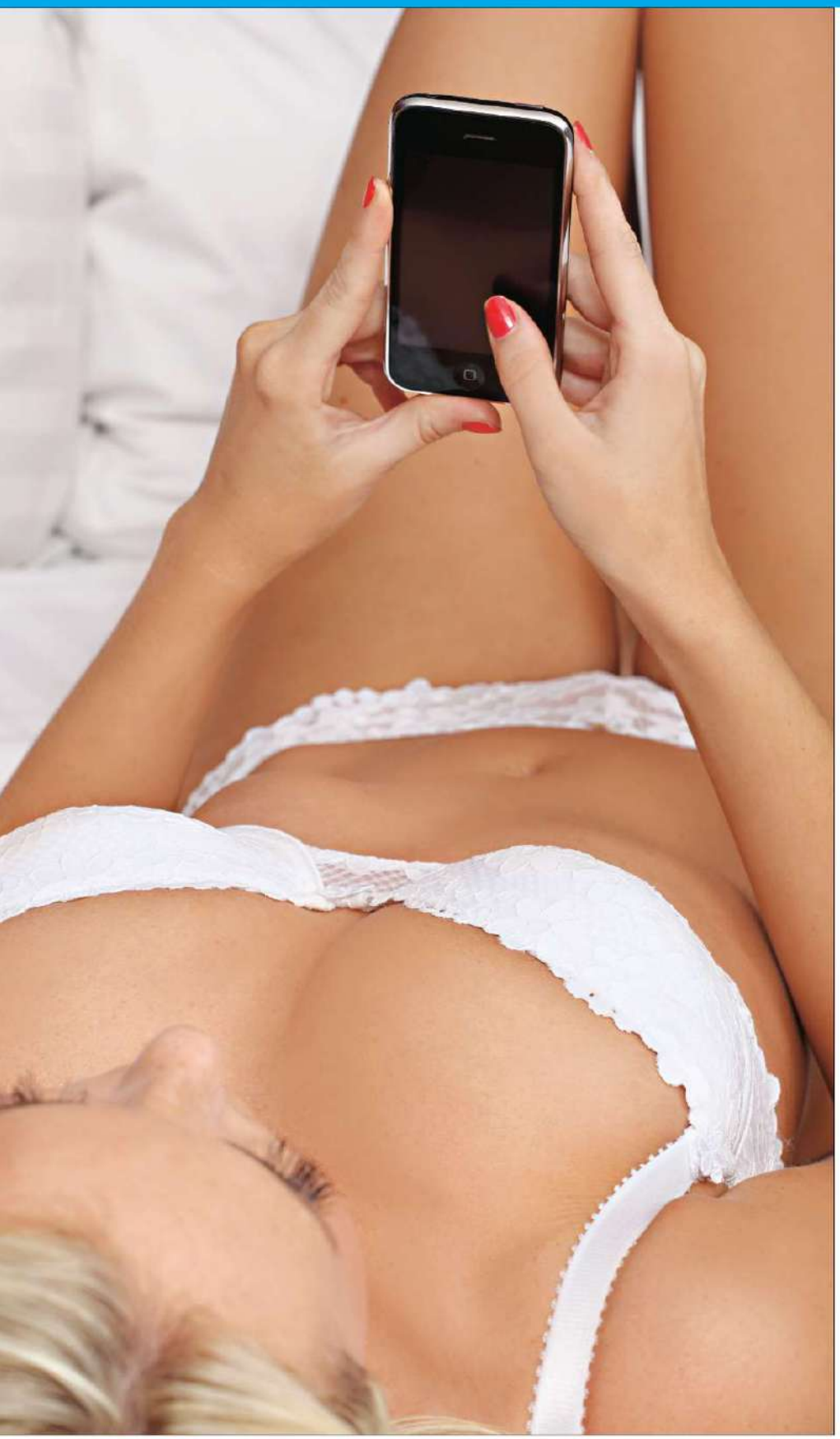
Deal-Breakers

- Overuse of symbols, especially the smiley/wink face :-).
- Texting after 10 P.M. to ask us out.
- Texting when you should be calling, e.g., calling off a date.
- Texting too much, not leaving enough mystery or conversation for later.
- Using too many abbreviations in one text, e.g., "it was gr8 meeting u. hope 2 c u soon!"
- "L8ter." That's not shortening a word. That's being a loser.
- Texting naked photos of yourself when we didn't ask for them.
- Asking us to send you naked photos of ourselves when we're not that close.
- Texting early in a relationship things that are overly affectionate (e.g., "Hey sweetie, how's your day going?")

We're Just Not That Into You If:

- You call us and leave a message, and we text our response.
- We take longer than 48 hours to respond to your text.
- If you ask us out over text and we give you the runaround, i.e., change the subject.
- We check our phone for messages after a make-out session.
- You text us that you are in town visiting until Sunday. We text you Monday.
- We check our text messages during our dinner date.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VIVID PHOTO VISUAL/ALAMY



off over text. It's rude and will make you look like a *huge* asshole. Show some respect by calling or doing it in person.

To start a fight or serious discussion. Feelings get lost in translation and can be taken the wrong way over text.

The first "I love you." Don't ruin this moment for us by saying it over text.

Helpful Hints

If you really like a girl and see potential, after flirtexting her just enough to know she's digging you, call her to ask her out on a proper date. She'll appreciate the old-school effort and you'll score major points.

Turn your phone off if we're sleeping over. We don't want to hear your phone buzzing at 2 A.M. with a text. We know what it means, and it will ruin the mood for the rest of the night ... and we know you don't want that.

If you have an iPhone or any phone where text messages show up automatically on the front screen, don't leave it out for us to see. When a text pops up with a girl's name, even if it's your sister, we're going to assume it's your other girlfriend.

If we're not together anymore and it's because you wanted to move on, don't text us every so often just to say hello.

If we say we love a certain movie, text us a quote from it the next day when you are thinking about us. It will score you major points!

Don't give us your card and tell us to call you. Even if we like you, we won't call. Try asking us to text. We're way more likely to do this if we like you than we are to call.

If we're out on a date, don't text someone in front of us. It's tacky. But if you must, preface it by telling us why you are being rude by texting at the dinner table. (Really, the only worthy answer here is anything having to do with your mom or grandma.)

Do text us in the morning to let us know you're thinking about us. A "good morning" will start our day off on the right note. You will be thanked accordingly.

The authors' most recent book is *Flirtexting: How to Text Your Way to His Heart,* published by Skyhorse Publishing, Inc.

SCOUNDREL

Horny on the Home Front

Does a best bud serving in Iraq + a hot and sexually frustrated girlfriend left at home = a booty call for you? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you whether you should keep your weapon holstered.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,
My best bro asked me to take his girlfriend out on Valentine's Day because he's stationed in Iraq. I'm a concierge and have a bunch of restaurant hookups, so he knows I can show her a good time. But I also think he wants me to keep an eye on her. Last year when he was out of town on Valentine's, she went out with her ex, and he's pretty sure she ended up cheating. Truth is, she loves the guy, but she's not good at the long-distance thing. Whenever she's two drinks in, she flirts with me and tells me how lonely and horny she is. I suspect he's right and that Valentine's will push her over the edge, which—I gotta be honest—kind of turns me on. I haven't gotten laid in a while and this girl is ridiculously hot. I jerk off every day thinking about the time she told me that she masturbates three times a day. Anyway, I don't think I could live with myself if we hooked up, but I'm convinced that eventually she'll either cheat or break up with him. Why shouldn't I be the guy who gets some?

Your boy might be at war, but you're the one playing with a loaded weapon. Seriously, dude—he's out there in the trenches and you want to get into his girl's foxhole? I know you think you deserve a Purple Cock Award for your dry-spell tour of booty, but just as Donald Rumsfeld so famously said about Iraq, as soon as you pull out, there's going to be mayhem. Sure, she may be alone and looking to bone, but the girl still has feelings for her man. When he gets back, she'll likely confess that she gave you a hummer while he was riding around in his.

Treat her like a land mine. Remember, your buddy asked you to disarm that exploding pussy, and though it might seem like mission impossible, it's time for *you* to be the hero [*cue patriotic music*]. Take her to a fun restaurant, maybe a brightly lit barbecue joint—that way, the only bone she'll be licking is the one on her plate. Keep the conversation focused squarely on her and her man. Ask her how she really feels about your boy, so that you can dutifully bring back any field intelligence. Above all, avoid looking at her tits. Once your soldier is standing at attention, he'll lead you into a world of shit.

The most important thing is, after dinner with your buddy's girl, go out and find some chick who's had a bad V-Day date and is prime for the pumping. Just remember to be a gentleman, since it's Valentine's Day, after all. Get her some flowers and a box of Magnums.

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Grape Expectations

Let the amateurs pick through wilted roses—go classic this Valentine's Day. Choosing just the right bottle of bubbly will stack the love deck in your favor.

By Meaghan Dorman • Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

When it comes to purchasing champagne, there's much more to consider than the price tag. First off, to make sure Cupid doesn't shoot you in the foot, go for the official French stuff. While there are just three basic grapes used in champagne production (pinot noir, pinot meunier, and chardonnay), they can be blended in ways that run the gamut from light to intense. Find a bottle to match your plans and you'll get to see the lingerie she's been saving for February 14th.

Casual Dating

Planning a date early in a relationship means spending a bit more, but all that romance in the air should yield a sexcapade payoff. To help things along, try Moët & Chandon's Rosé Impérial ($42). The lively nose of wild strawberries makes this the most popular Brut Rosé; the blend of pinot noir, pinot meunier, chardonnay, and reserve wines results in a palate that is juicy and fruit-forward. Consistency has made Moët & Chandon king, and this bottle is no exception.

Instead of a Ring

To make her forget you didn't get down on one knee, you'll have to go big—like special vintage big. Show her you appreciate her with a bottle of Vilmart & Cie Coeur de Cuvée Brut, 2001 ($120). This grower/producer has a cult following for its wines, which are crafted from organically grown grapes and aged in oak. The chardonnay and pinot noir blend into a bubbly with a caramel nose and a bright, silvery palate. It's the best way to keep the next six months diamond-pressure free.

Married

While you've already wooed and won her, you'll still be in the doghouse if you don't make the day special. Lucky for you, Laurent-Perrier crafts exceptional champagne from its three best vintages for Grand Siècle ($220). The blending of multivintage prestige cuvée produces a wine that is as complex but perfectly balanced as your happy marriage. The *grand cru* pinot noir and chardonnay grapes produce a honeyed nose and a rich, round palate that lingers pleasantly.

Exclusive

A lady who inspires you to turn in your player's card must be special, so treat her that way with Ruinart Blanc de Blancs ($65). The striking bottle screams elegance, and the golden wine doesn't disappoint. It's created from a blend of 100 percent *premiers crus* chardonnay grapes and has a rich, buttery nose that leads to a subtle flavor of honey and almond. Fine fruits give this unique champagne a round, creamy flavor that will prove to your woman that she's made the right choice.

Professional Bachelor

Toast the single life with a glass of Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin La Grande Dame 1998 ($140). This top-of-the-line cuvée is just what a champagne should be—multidimensional and elegant. At a 64 percent pinot noir/36 percent chardonnay blend, it's both refined and intense. Along with its notes of flowers and sweet almond, La Grande Dame has a deeper level on the palate of tobacco and malt, making it one superb bottle to save for yourself.

Chill It

Remember the last time you tried to chill champagne in the freezer and how long it took to clean up the mess when you lost track of the time? Sure you do. Take out the guesswork with the Sharper Image Wine Chiller. It will chill your reds, whites, or bubbly to their optimal temperature and maintain that for as long as needed. Select from a menu of more than 70 preset variants according to country of origin and wine type, or customize the temperature to your own preference. The extra-large LCD provides readings in both Fahrenheit and Celsius. (SharperImage.com; single: $90; dual: $130)
—Deirdre Goldbeck

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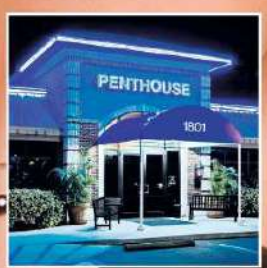

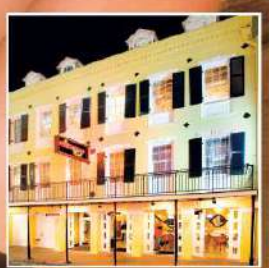

The PENTHOUSE Club

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believe the hype

It takes a bold woman to adopt a moniker that screams "I'm hot," but 23-year-old Brittany Bod lives up to the advance billing. "And it doesn't hurt that I love getting naked for the camera," she adds. No, it doesn't hurt at all. We're sure you'll love her all the more for doing it, just as we do.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo

"I'm a country girl at heart—I'm from Texas, after all—and I love dancing to country music. But I'll dance to anything, and I'm always the first one on the dance floor when the music comes on. I can shake my ass like nobody can."

"My favorite fantasy is to get down and dirty on a desk in my schoolgirl costume, but I had a dream about having a threesome with two of my best friends, and that seems pretty hot too!"

"I wouldn't say I have a foot fetish, but I love painting my toes and taking pictures of my feet for my fans. Feet can really turn people on."

"I love starting my day with amazing sex, and I like being on top. But I want my partner to enjoy it, too. I know how much guys love my big boobs, so I'm always looking for positions that let me make the best use of them."

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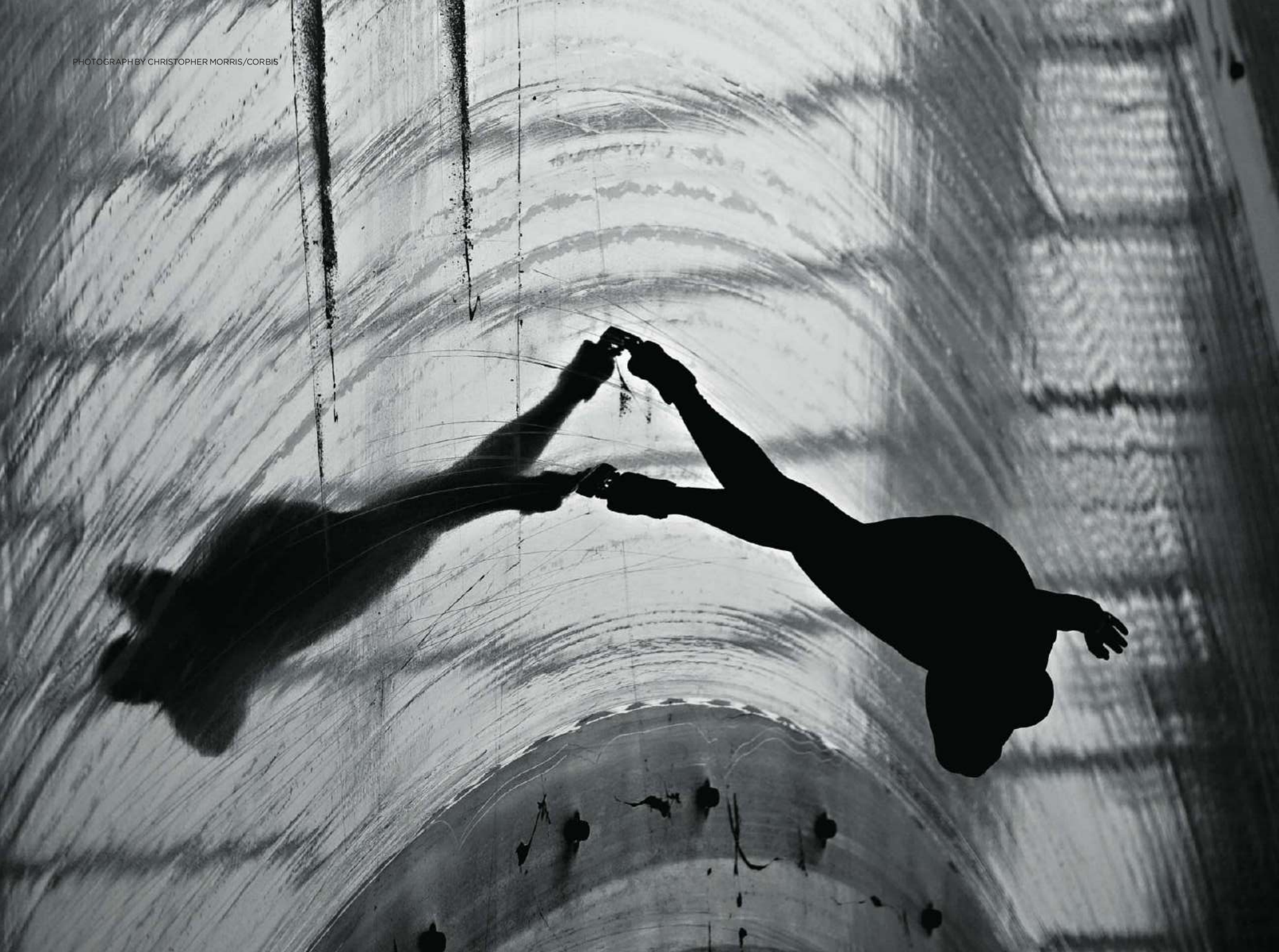
GAME CANADA

Our northern neighbors host the Winter Olympics for the second time, as the Games come to Vancouver from February 12 to 28.

By John Bolster

The Winter Olympics, much like the printed word, would seem to be an endangered species in the twenty-first century. Their snowbound, throwback sports look increasingly quaint as we hurtle along in the digital age. Sure, they have snowboarding now, but isn't that a bit like your fortysomething uncle getting ink done and listening to Lil Wayne?

On the other hand, if participation numbers and TV-rights fees are any indication, the Winter Olympics are doing just fine. The number of countries sending athletes to the Winter Games has increased steadily over the years, topping out at 80 in Turin, Italy, in 2006, and is expected to go higher in Vancouver. The five rings of the Olympics—one for each of the five major regions of the world—have never been better represented than they will be at this edition. And of course, the Olympics themselves are something of a five-ring circus, from the Olympic Village to the athletic venues to the crush of media and spectators that descends on the host city. In that spirit, we break down these Winter Olympics with five categories of five.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER MORRIS/CORBIS

Five Reasons to Watch

5. Ole Einar Bjoerndalen, Norway, biathlon— Bjoerndalen (Gesundheit!) enters the Games with nine career medals and a chance to break the Winter Olympics record of 12, held by his countryman Bjorn Daehlie. Also, it's a biathlon, in which they cross-country ski and then shoot freaking guns. Sean Connery's James Bond would fit right in.

4. Bode Miller, U.S., skiing— The prodigal son returns, having left the U.S. team in 2007 to form his own squad, "Team America." (Fuck yeah!) The four-time world champ, who was raised in a log cabin without indoor plumbing or electricity, is a sick athlete as well as a loose cannon in front of a microphone. Whatever he does in Vancouver, it'll be great theater.

3. Lindsey Vonn, U.S., skiing— In addition to being a bona fide hottie, Vonn is the reigning women's world champ in the downhill. She's been remarkably consistent in a field crowded with talent, winning 7 of the 16 World Cup downhills she entered in the previous two seasons and finishing in the top 3 in 13 of those races.

2. The Half-pipe— While we're generally skeptical about snowboarding's inclusion in the Winter Olympics—it seems like a move designed to inject U.S. dominance into the Games, which it has done—the half-pipe is undeniably badass. Big air, back-to-back double corkscrews.... Bring it on; we could watch all day.

1. Ice Hockey— Olympic hockey is everything we wish NHL hockey could be: wide-open, fast-paced, and highly skillful. With the bigger Olympic ice surfaces and the ban on fighting, the finesse aspects of the game come to the fore. And the competition! Canada and Russia are the favorites, but Sweden, the U.S., the Czech Republic, and Finland will all contend for gold.

Five Hotties

5

4

3

2

1

5. Tanith Belbin, U.S., ice dancing A special act of Congress sped up her citizenship process so that Belbin, born and raised in Canada, could compete for the U.S. at the 2006 Games. Can you blame them?

4. Lindsey Jacobellis, U.S., snowboarding An ultrafit blonde with Botticelli curls and luscious lips? Works for us.

3. Keauna McLaughlin, U.S., pairs figure skating Two-time U.S. champ, along with partner Rockne Brubaker. Will they win one for the Gipper in Vancouver? Not likely. But we'll be happy just to see her there.

2. Lara Gut, Switzerland, alpine skiing This Swiss Miss will compete against our hottest hottie in the downhill. How will they keep the slopes from melting?

1. Lindsey Vonn, U.S., alpine skiing *Mmm, Lindsey.* You're like a heavenly cross between Kate Winslet and Sharon Stone. With a discernible talent. We could drink a case of you.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (REASONS TO WATCH, TOP TO BOTTOM) AGENCE ZOOM/GETTY IMAGES, JED JACOBSOHN/GETTY IMAGES, MIKE STURK/EPA/CORBIS, OLIVIER MAIRE/EPA/CORBIS, AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES, (HOTTIES, LEFT TO RIGHT) VINCE BUCCI/GETTY IMAGES, HARRY HOW/GETTY IMAGES, AGENCE ZOOM/GETTY IMAGES, (BOTTOM) DOUG PENSINGER/

Five F'd-Up Medal Facts

5. The medals for these Olympics are ... well, they've been described as "melted Frisbees," "Salvador Dali-esque," and "whimsical." When the most positive adjective applied to your medals is "whimsical," maybe you need to revisit the drawing board. But judge for yourself.

4. The 1960 gold-medal-winning U.S. hockey team is criminally overlooked. We'll be the first to acknowledge that the 1980 U.S. hockey team's gold medal performance in Lake Placid is arguably the greatest sporting feat of all time. But the 1960 team, which won gold in Squaw Valley, California, was almost as impressive. It went 7-0-0, downing Canada, Sweden, the Soviet Union, and Czechoslovakia, twice, including a 9–4 rout in the final.

3. Norway rules. With a population of just 4.7 million, compared to the U.S.'s 300-plus million (and the former Soviet Union's 291 million), Norway somehow tops the all-time Winter Olympics medal table. The Norwegians have racked up 280 medals, 63 more than the U.S. total. Must be something in the water up there.

2. Denmark blows. Unlike its Scandinavian neighbor, Denmark brings up the rear on the all-time medal table, having won just one—a lone silver, in curling, in 1998—in its entire Winter Olympics history. Hell, even Liechtenstein has a gold medal.

1. Canada has never won gold at an Olympics it hosted. Can that be right? Apparently, yes. But it's not going to last, as the Canucks will win *something* this time around, whether it's men's hockey or women's hockey (or both), speed skating, or skeleton. You could bet on it, if betting on the Olympics weren't illegal and wrong—except on the Internet.

Five Oddities

5. One of the sports rejected for inclusion in this year's Games, along with team alpine skiing and others, was **mixed doubles curling.** Canada, how could you? Not only is curling your second-favorite sport, but think of the skill, the suspense, the sexual tension! Missed opportunity, Canucks.

4. Among the five nations that will make their Winter Olympics debuts in Vancouver are the **Bahamas** and the **Cayman Islands.** (The others are Gabon, Ghana, and Malta.) Snowboarder Korath Wright will be throwing down in the half-pipe for the Bahamas, while Dow Travers will compete in giant slalom for the Caymans. Are these the sons of Eddie the Eagle, or bona fide competitors? Time will tell.

3. The U.S. speed skating team's primary sponsor is ... Stephen Colbert and his Comedy Central show, *The Colbert Report*. Really. All U.S. skaters, for long and short track, will have "Colbert Nation" emblazoned on their uniforms. No word at press time if Bill O'Reilly had any sponsorship deals in the works.

2. The ceremonial torch for these Olympics—which swung through the Yukon Territory on its 106-day cross-country journey—**looks just like ... a joint.** Seriously, take a look at that thing: It's a yard-long spliff. Which is appropriate because ...

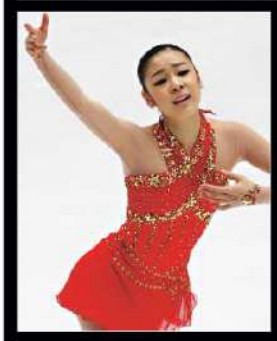
1. Marijuana is not strictly illegal in Vancouver, which has been experimenting with so-called **"harm reduction policies"** to deal with the **hard-core drug problem** in its downtown eastside neighborhood. We documented this in *Penthouse* a little while back (September 2008). The city is an idyllic place, ringed by snowcapped mountains, but any tourist who wanders into this seedy sector is in for a surprise. Unless the users have all been shipped out, of course.

5 Gold Medal Contenders

5. Apolo Anton Ohno, U.S., short track speed skating—Ohno has a shot at gold in the 500-, 1,000-, and 1,500-meter events. He also has a chance to surpass Eric Heiden as the U.S. man with the most career Winter Olympics medals. But it must be noted that all of Heiden's medals are gold (Ohno heads to Vancouver with two golds, two bronzes, and a silver).

4. Benjamin Raich, Austria, alpine skiing—The Blitz from Pitz is gunning to become the first man ever to pull off back-to-back Olympic victories in both the giant slalom and the double slalom, having won both of those races in Turin in 2006. He's also a contender for gold in the super combined.

3. Shaun White, U.S., snowboarding—We'll be surprised if the Flying Tomato fails to repeat the half-pipe gold he won in Turin. Why? Because he's the best in the world, even if he looks a little like David St. Hubbins. His strongest rival in Vancouver will be 22-year-old Vermonter Kevin Pearce.



2. Kim Yu-Na, South Korea, figure skating—We're hardly aficionados of this sport, but from what we understand, Yu-Na is to figure-skating gold what a positive doping test is to cross-country skiing: a mortal lock.

1. Canada, men's ice hockey—Playing at home, where the game is not just a national obsession, but a cultural pillar, Canada will be eager to redeem their performance in Turin in 2006, when they finished out of the medals. They're skewing young with their roster this time around, but they are still stacked with talent, including the NHL's best player, Sidney Crosby.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY (TIGER WOODS) AARON JOSEFCZYK/REUTERS/CORBIS

Tiger's Tail

A full-frontal view—and more—of what Tiger Woods saw in porn-star Holly Sampson.

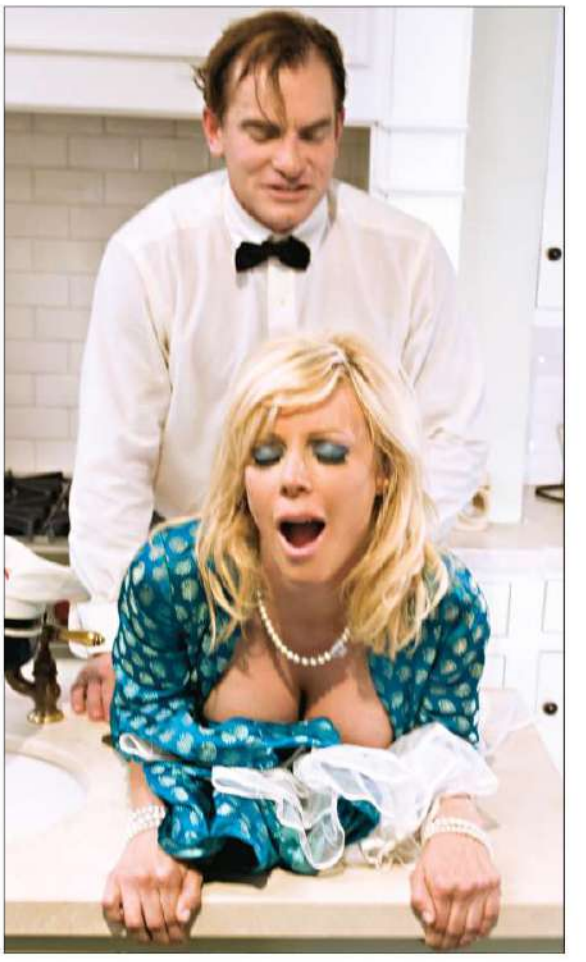
By Meirav Devash
Photographs by Dizzy Cash

Blonde bombshell Holly Sampson knows a little something about foreplay. The curvaceous 36-year-old porn star has revealed in published reports that she had a steamy solo tryst with pro golfer Tiger Woods when he was still single; the two met at a surprise birthday party after she and two friends performed for the athlete and other guests. The adult actress, who has starred in dozens of racy films for Penthouse Studios and other companies—such as *Statuesque, The Making of a MILF,* and *Internet Babe*—admits that Woods didn't go anywhere near her back nine. "It was pretty simple, straight-up sex," she said in a live video chat about her experience with Tiger's wood.

Here's a titillating taste of what caught the eye of the Tiger. In the wake of Woods' reported flings and affairs, the golfer has said that he plans to take a hiatus from the pro circuit, so we might not be seeing too much of him for a while. But we're primed to see much more of the sexy Sampson, starting right now!

See more of Holly's steamy hookup with Vanessa Leon in *How I Did a MILF*.

Holly gets wood from Evan Stone in *Diary of a Horny Housewife*.



My Open-Door Policy

Giving the ladies "special treatment" involves more than just carrying bags.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

For most people, being a doorman is the most boring job in the world, but not for me. Ever since I was young, I've had a really outgoing personality that makes it easy for me to talk to people. I work in a busy high-rise apartment building in New York, and there are people constantly coming and going ... and coming. I never set out to have sex on the job; it just kind of happened.

When I first started working in the building, almost ten years ago, I noticed that some of the residents, especially the women, liked it if I went out of my way to help them. I'm constantly hauling packages and shopping bags into the building, holding doors, and giving the ladies my "special treatment." I'm a decent-looking guy, but the uniform helps—a lot. Women are always squeezing my arms and shoulders, and they are obsessed with playing with the shiny gold buttons on the front of my jacket. I keep in good shape, and they know I can lift heavy objects.

One college-age girl who lived with her parents was always asking me to carry things up for her. I'm really not supposed to leave my post for that long, but usually I'd go. The fact that she was a dark-haired knockout who gave $20 tips made it an easy decision. One day she and I were standing at her door. I handed her the shopping bags and she asked me to come inside. I knew I shouldn't, but I was curious. She told me that her parents were at work and to sit down on the couch. Then she got down between my legs, unzipped my pants, and told me to take it out. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before, and I got hard really quick. Even though this girl was young, maybe 20, she was an expert at sucking dick. I came in her mouth and she looked really satisfied. I asked her if there was anything I could do for her but she just smiled and handed me a tip!

The next time someone came on to me was when this young mom who lived in the building got out of a taxi at two in the morning and started kissing me, right there in the lobby. She was definitely drunk, so I didn't want to take it too far. Her husband worked overseas and was hardly ever around. She always flirted with me when she came in and out, but this was different. We got behind the lobby desk where no one could see us and started making out. She was talking really dirty, saying things like "I'm so wet" and "I need you to fuck me." I had my fingers inside her when there was banging on the front door. She stayed behind the desk while I got up and answered it. Thankfully it was just a delivery guy, but it ruined the moment and she went upstairs. The next day she made me swear I would never tell anyone what had happened.

Probably the hottest time I had was last summer, with this girl in her early twenties who was subletting an apartment. She was a crazy girl—she had this short, fiery-orange hair and wore these skimpy, ripped-up outfits. One day I winked at her, and the next time she came through the lobby I saw her looking at me and noticed that her nipple was peeking out. She smiled like she had done it on purpose and I nearly died right there. The next day I saw her again and was hoping to get another tit-flash—but this time I got something even better. Halfway through the lobby she bent over, pretending to tie her boot, and gave me a full-on view of her totally shaved cunt. All I could say was "nice" and she smiled. When she came back home a few hours later, she tossed me a key as she waited for the elevator. Ten minutes later, I went upstairs and let myself in. She was naked on the floor with her perfect, creamy-white ass in the air. "Smack it," she said. I gave her a good, hard spanking, and when she was nice and red I slid my cock into her pussy. "No, not in there, *back there,*" she moaned. I pulled out and pushed myself into her tight little asshole. It felt so good, and she was moaning like crazy. After I came, I straightened myself out and went back to work. Part of me was glad she was only subletting for the summer—otherwise I probably would have gotten myself fired.

Halfway through the lobby she gave me a full-on view of her totally shaved cunt. All I could say was "nice."

The women in this building and I have a great relationship—I look out for them, and they always seem to take care of me.

SHOW THEM YOU'VE GOT GAME

Hit the links and the Clubs in style with the PENTHOUSE™ Golf Collection. Featuring hip headwear, fashion polos and high performance balls, for the golfer who wants to add a little excitement to their next round. Tees, golf balls and markers are also available in great gifts sets.

PENTHOUSE™
GOLF

www.penthouse-golf.com

The Boob Tube

We don't normally pay too much attention to TV commercials, except as an excuse to grab another brew or hit the head. But when they're so sexy they're banned from the airwaves, we take notice, especially when they can all easily be found online. Here are our top-five too-hot-for-the-tube ads:

5. THQ'S *JUICED* RACING GAME. Two videogamers are customizing their cars when they realize their button-mashing is also giving a nearby hot girl a makeover. After inflating her chest and stripping off her clothes, they spin that chassis around and give it a virtual spank.

4. FAKE SPRITE SPOT. Originally reported by Current TV to have been banned from airing, and by YoungTurks.com to be a German ad, it was later discovered to have been a parody directed by Max Isaacson, and never commissioned by the soda company. A young woman is blowing her man while fantasizing about Sprite. Just when it looks like he's going to shoot his load, she gets a facial with a prodigious amount of foamy white soda.

3. PETA'S MILK GONE WILD. This hilarious, spot-on parody of the *Girls Gone Wild* videos features women baring their generous udders and serving milk into the mouths of frat boys. It was considered too wild to air during Super Bowl XL by ABC.

2. PETA'S SEXY SAUSAGE. An anti-meat PSA that perfectly apes seventies porn-movie conventions, down to the mustachioed pizza-delivery guy. It's no surprise the meat pizza strikes out, and the guy with the bag of big zucchinis scores with the girls. This was banned for Super Bowl XXXVIII by CBS.

1. PETA'S VEGGIE LOVE. NBC nixed this from its Super Bowl XLIII broadcast due to the "level of sexuality." Specific scenes that aroused concern include lingerie-clad models "rubbing pelvic region with pumpkin" and "screwing herself with broccoli."

It's worth noting that our top three are from animal-rights group PETA, who are specialists at courting controversy. We can't wait to see what they come up with for this year's big game.—*Christine Colby*

Fuck Me, Mein Führer!

Speaking of controversy, how can we not mention the banned commercial we think is the *least* sexy? We're in favor of sex education, but we're not sure exactly what viewers were supposed to take away from a weird commercial that ran on German TV last fall. It starts off looking like a generic, badly lit sex tape with a couple in the throes of passion, but suddenly—surprise!—the guy turns out to be a not-very-compelling Hitler look-alike—what you might expect to see in a road-show production of *The Producers*. And instead of "Springtime for Hitler," the message is, "AIDS is a mass murderer. Protect yourself!"

"We want to give this terrible virus a face," said a spokesman for the AIDS-awareness group that produced the video. Maybe something got lost in translation, but do Germans need to see Hitler to realize that AIDS is scary? If so, some *real* education is called for.—*Peter Bloch*

Can Money Buy Love?

Valentine's Day seems easy: flowers, lingerie, and, to top it off, hot sex. But you may need to rethink your seduction; according to two new studies, what women really want is money.

When LemonDrop.com polled 15,000 British women, the majority said they'd prefer an unlimited budget for new clothes over sex. Shortcuts.com asked what women wanted more of, and found that 57 percent wanted to save more money; only 6 percent wanted to have more sex. The *New York Daily News* questioned Manhattan women, and eight of nine polled said they lusted after extra cash, not men. There's even evidence that women with well-to-do partners have more orgasms, and Dr. Thomas Pollet stated as much in the journal *Evolution and Human Behavior*.

If you're still hoping to end up in bed, you'll have more success if you offer up a glass of wine or two rather than a romantic gift. A nightcap is bound to help if your partner is among the 75 percent of women who like to have a drink before hopping into the sack. On top of that, a whopping 6 percent have *never* done the deed without a little liquid courage.

We know the news may seem bleak right now, but don't worry, there's hope. A 2006 study by condom manufacturer LifeStyles found that a slim majority of women (52 percent) were looking forward to some action on Valentine's Day—and only 32 percent expected to be satisfied by their lovers. Most were hoping for cards or flowers, with considerably fewer asking for lingerie or jewelry. (We call bullshit on the 17 percent who claim to want nothing.)—*Jennifer Peters*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE) RUBBERBALL/GETTY; (TOP RIGHT) RETNA LTD.; (RIGHT) PAUL HEBERT/ICON SMI/RETNA LTD.

Marriage Perks

A recent study in the *Journal of Experimental Social Psychology* found that single women are significantly more likely than men to steal someone else's better half—what's called "mate poaching."

Prompted by the common complaint "all good men are taken," social psychologists questioned students about their ideal mate. Subjects were matched to a fictional opposite-sex love interest and shown photos of the same attractive man or woman. Half the subjects were told their prospect was spoken for, while the other half believed theirs to be single. When told their "ideal" man was eligible, 59 percent of one group of single women showed interest; another group was told the same man was in a relationship, and a whopping 90 percent were suddenly keen.

Married guys: Loan your wedding rings to your single buddies.—*Sarah Walker*

"I think women are beautiful, I've had a lot of fun with women, and I'm not ashamed of it. The problem is that I also love a well-endowed man."
—pop singer Fergie

"THEY BROKE ME AND NOW THEY WON'T FIX ME."

The military no longer automatically blames suicidal soldiers for their agony. But we need to do much more to help relieve their suffering.

By Peter Laufer

The rapidly escalating rate of suicides among American soldiers is devastating families and plaguing an already exhausted military. More than 160 U.S. armed-forces personnel killed themselves in 2008—the most since the days of the Vietnam War—and the 2009 figures are worse, much worse: The Pentagon expected the year to end with twice last year's toll. The rate of suicide among active-duty service personnel is now higher than it is in the civilian population, for the first time since the Vietnam War.

Until recently, the military establishment blamed soldier suicide on the troops themselves, rejecting suggestions that soldiers' wartime experiences played a role. "You were screwed up when you joined" has long been the military's attitude toward suicide, with officials blaming money problems, drug and alcohol abuse, and girlfriend and wife trouble as the leading causes of soldiers killing themselves. But with soldiers between the ages of 18 and 24 now more than twice as likely to end their own lives as their counterparts in the general population, both the military and civilian organizations are rushing to provide counseling and intervention, and an explanation for the deaths.

The Army is working with the National Institutes of Health to try to identify at-risk soldiers before they hurt themselves. The Pentagon has instituted a new program it calls "Battlemind" in an effort to better prepare soldiers for the stress of combat and tend to them after they experience it. Army psychiatrist Colonel Elspeth Cameron Ritchie is conducting an ongoing study to isolate the challenges that push some soldiers to take their own lives. The list includes failed relationships, conflicts with the law, money crises, job problems, and multiple deployments.

The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Mike Mullen, commented last year about repeated tours of duty as they relate to suicides. "I can't believe that is not a huge factor," he said at Fort Campbell. In addition to the burden of multiple deployments, the type of warfare soldiers face in Afghanistan and Iraq often requires them to maintain a combat mentality day and night. It

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS RYAN/GETTY IMAGES

The problem of suicidal soldiers is every American's problem and responsibility. We are obligated to provide therapy for those suffering because *they* fulfilled *their* contract with us.

is a strain that leads to what mental-health experts are calling Complex Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, a severe form of PTSD that has been seen in hostages and repeat-rape victims—victims psychologically damaged by being subjected to trauma over and over again. Almost two million soldiers have rotated through the Iraq and Afghanistan war theaters since 2001, wars that keep them in what psychologists call a "hypervigilant state." It is a state of mind many cannot simply shut off once they return stateside: They can't sleep; they can't stop their minds from reliving what they experienced while on duty.

Vice Chief of Staff General Peter Chiarelli, who is tasked with organizing suicide-prevention efforts for the Army, also expresses concern about mental-health issues in his official summary: "Any soldier, from private to general, may need help at some time in their Army career. Seeking that help, without fear of stigma, has to become second nature in our Army community; it has to become part of our culture."

But stigma haunts many soldiers in jeopardy of taking their own lives. They fear that seeking mental-health help will subject them to ridicule, as they are supposed to be tough enough to handle life's problems. They also worry that a record of mental-health problems will adversely affect their careers, both military and civilian. If they are burdened with a personality-disorder discharge or any other-than-honorable discharge, it is a barrier to getting care through the Veterans Administration. Augmenting the efforts of government agencies to help military-service personnel are grassroots community organizations that also aid veterans.

Elizabeth Stinson is a psychologist in private practice and the former executive director of the Peace and Justice Center in Sonoma County, California. Stinson and other counselors meet with family members of returning soldiers with mental problems who are convinced the wars damaged their loved ones. They come to her and say, "He's not the same," and, "I can't live with him." She tells a particularly sad story about a panicked call she received on her hotline from a female soldier in Iraq, and what the woman cried out haunts her: "They broke me and now they won't fix me."

Swords to Plowshares, a civilian organization that traces its roots to the Vietnam era, offers returning soldiers tools for their transition. This organization's self-help book, *You Are Stronger Than You Think You Are,* authored by veterans, is a step-by-step guide to coming home and points soldiers to resources for mental-health help.

The Coming Home Project was founded specifically to help Iraq and Afghanistan vets adjust to their post-service lives. Give an Hour and the Soldiers Project are other nongovernmental organizations designed to help returning soldiers who are facing personal crises. Their expertise is free for any vet seeking to "ease the strains of war." Professional trauma therapists work with returning soldiers who are despondent and suicidal because of their wartime experiences. This help is critical to combat suicide: The vast majority of suicidal soldiers hurt themselves after they return to the States. Lawyer Amy Fairweather at the Coalition for Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans says, "There *is* help." Her message to vets is, "You're not alone."

The problem of suicidal soldiers is every American's problem and responsibility. We are obligated to provide therapy for those suffering because *they* fulfilled *their* contract with us.

Where to Get Help

- **Swords to Plowshares has been helping soldiers, veterans, and their families since 1974. Swords-To-Plowshares.org**
- **The Coalition for Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans forcefully advocates and aids those who fought in these two wars. CoalitionForVeterans.org**
- **The Coming Home Project is designed to help vets reintegrate into civilian society and to help their families. ComingHomeProject.net**
- **Give an Hour and the Soldiers Project coordinate mental-health professionals who wish to help returning vets. GiveAnHour.org or TheSoldiersProject.org**

strike a pose

Heidi Baron describes herself as sexy, tall, fun, outgoing, loving, and drama-free. What's not to love? The dynamic dental hygienist can work us over any day of the week.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

"The most amazing sexual experience I've ever had was having multiple orgasms during a threesome with two other women while my boyfriend watched."

"My favorite fantasy is to be with Angelina Jolie. She is the sexiest woman ever! The hottest movie clip in history is her sex scene with Antonio Banderas in *Original Sin*."

THE VALLEY

"I love Italy. The food is amazing and there are beautiful people, great music, and an incredible beach. Coincidentally, the most exciting place I've ever made love is on the beach at three in the morning."

THE BIG RIP

HEIDI BARON

FEBRUARY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONT

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HEIDI BARON
FEBRUARY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

HEIDI BARON
FEBRUARY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
21 years old
34C-24-33; 5'8"

Hometown:
Erlangen, Germany.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
The traditional food and beer.

You'd like to go to:
South Africa. I've always wanted to go on a safari tour.

Favorite foods:
Spaghetti bolognese, sushi, seafood.

Favorite drinks:
Coca-Cola, margaritas, mojitos.

Favorite music:
House music from great deejays, and rock bands like Green Day, Kings of Leon, Fall Out Boy, etc.

Favorite sports:
Track and field, soccer, American football.

Favorite way to relax:
Lying in bed eating chocolate, drinking Coke, and watching TV.

Your biggest turn-on:
Getting kissed on the neck and ear.

The most daring thing you've done:
Anal sex, but it's not really my thing.

Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger?
In a life-or-death situation.

When are you happiest?
When I come through the door and my dogs jump up on me.

Heidi Baron

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"I get excited when I'm able to go out with my good friends and have a great time, but I always get into trouble if I continue partying after I know it's time to stop."

March 2010
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Month
Jelena Jensen

Pet of the Year Runner-Up
issue on newsstands
February 16th, 2010

iPorn

When Apple approved the first iPhone application for a male porn star last year, we knew it wouldn't be long before the ladies caught up.

It came as no surprise to us that the first femmes to take advantage of the new iPhone app technology were Penthouse Pets. The cutting-edge ladies were led by 2003 Pet of the Year Sunny Leone, the first female porn star to get the okay. September 2000 Pet Aria Giovanni and January 2009 Pet Teagan Presley (above) followed shortly after, and, as of press time, 2009 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Shawna Leneé and September 2008 Pet Kayden Kross were the latest to make their debuts.

The apps give fans 24/7 access to photo and video galleries of the stars in their sexiest lingerie and bikinis (Apple won't allow nude photos yet), as well as blogs, candid shots in everyday gear, and appearance updates—all for no more than $1.99 each. Sunny and Shawna even have softer versions that are free. "I'm so excited about the future of my iPhone app," Sunny says. "This provides an entirely new way for me to communicate with my fans and give them a new and unique content experience."

Teagan's app, appropriately named iTeagan, will also include an audio message from the star and her Twitter feed, and all photos and videos will be updated automatically ... and frequently. "My fans are demanding, and they demand the best," Teagan explains.

If you've been waiting for the perfect reason to get an iPhone or iPod Touch, your wait is over.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF JASON KAPLAN

Pet of the Year Pageant

The crew at *The Howard Stern Show* named Taylor Vixen their favorite weeks before she was crowned 2010 Pet of the Year.

When Howard Stern hosted the 2009 edition of the Penthouse Pet Beauty Pageant, three popular centerfolds—April 2009 Pet Veronica Ricci, September 2009 Pet Taylor Vixen, and October 2009 Pet Ryan Keely—were put through their paces, so to speak, in a stiff competition. For the talent segment, Taylor performed "All My Ex's Live in Texas" in her favorite cowboy boots and little else, Veronica rocked out to "The Imperial March" from *Star Wars* in her own version of a Princess Leia bikini, and Ryan belted out Peggy Lee's "Fever" nude. "I pretty much faced my worst fear," Ryan says. "Singing naked in front of a roomful of strangers who were all judging me was pretty terrifying!"

Of course, there were also many embarrassing questions. Taylor says, "They had this question: Would you do blank to save a dying child, and it was, 'Would you eat out your mother?' I said absolutely not, no way. Howard said, 'You would let that child die?' and I said yes. I know it's part of some crazy girl-girl fantasy, but that's just sick!"

Veronica—who wowed the crowd from the start, with Howard declaring, "Holy shit. You are gorgeous!"—tells us, "They asked if I'd ever fuck a man for a million dollars. When I said it would depend on the man, they asked if I would care who it was as long as he had no STDs. Then they offered up Artie. I said, 'I thought you said no STDs.' But for a million, sure, I'd do Artie."

For her part, Ryan—a former adult DVD reviewer and radio host who considers Howard a role model—upped the ante and made out with Veronica, proving the Pets are all about good-natured competition. "I had a lot of fun," she says. "Veronica got a little friendly, and I can never say no to a redhead, so it was a great day."

Pure Sex Appeal

Ever wonder how we find all our luscious ladies? Sometimes we get a little help.

Penthouse recently teamed up with PURE Management Group to host a nationwide model search at PURE Nightclub in Las Vegas, with none other than 2009 Pet of the Year Taya Parker and 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen hosting and acting as judges. Dozens of girls converged on the club to take part in preliminary contests in November and December, with the top scorers returning earlier this month for a final round of competition. The model hopefuls had to pose, dance, and answer questions from judges, all while a live, enthusiastic audience cheered them on.

But impressing the audience was only half the battle. They also had to impress the Pets. "I've always thought it would be cool to pick the models for *Penthouse,*" Taylor says. "Talk about a great job!" And what did the Pet of the Year think of the potential *Penthouse* models? "I was really taken with the girls," she tells us. "It was very hard to decide on a winner."

The lucky lady gets a photo shoot with a *Penthouse* photographer, and could end up in the magazine alongside the very Pets who helped pick her. We'll keep you posted.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF ELLEN STAGG/MISHKA

Hipster Hotties

We know you've got the 2010 Penthouse Pet and Penthouse Pinup calendars on your wall already, but if you still have a few inches of vertical space, there's one more planner to enjoy.

"Meeting the fans is always great, but my favorite moment was meeting a couple who got really into porn after the wife saw one of my movies. It was so cool to know I'd helped them enhance their sex lives."

—Justine Joli, at the calendar-release party at Mishka's flagship store in Brooklyn, New York

The calendar for hipster shopping mecca Mishka showcases four Pets as well as *Penthouse* models Jelena Jensen and Asa Akira, photographed by Ellen Stagg. October 2009 Pet Ryan Keely models fishnet stockings, 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven gets down and dirty on the beach, 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Justine Joli sports nothing but a wide-open leather jacket, and June 2006 Pet Shay Laren makes an old-school pom-pom hat look sexy. As if that's not enough, there are nine other steamy photos, including Jelena in a wet T-shirt and October 2009 Danni.com Girl of the Month Asa lounging nude in rumpled bedsheets. As the photographer tells us, "The calendar is basically 13 months of fantasies, with some of the best erotic models out there. And while I love shooting any hot girls who are willing to get naked for me, the *Penthouse* girls are my favorites. They're the hottest and always supersweet."

Heather was thrilled to be part of the calendar, saying, "We did our shoot on a beach in Kauai. All girls, naked on a beach.... It was definitely work, but not really." Shay agrees, telling us, "The shoot I was in was more like play than anything." Thirteen smoking-hot nude models playing around? Even in this land of naked-chick *Penthouse* photo shoots, that's our idea of a dream job assignment. (MishkaNYC.com)

SUPER BOWL SUNDAY

THE WAY IT OUGHTA BE

It's the biggest football day of the year—you don't want to screw it up. Use our handy guide to see that you don't.

By Drew Magary • Illustrations by Tom Richmond

THE ***SUPER BOWL KICKS OFF ON FEBRUARY 7TH!*** *Yeehaw! Whoo-hoo!* Someone give me a hooker to slap and a gun to shoot in the air, because Super Bowl Sunday is fucking *fantastic*. It's got everything any good holiday needs: liquor, gluttony, football, a complete absence of religious significance, and gambling. It's tremendous. In fact, I've long argued that the Super Bowl should be played on a weekday, so that men from all walks of life can take the day off from work in order to get drunk, snort Buffalo-wing sauce, and revel in the footbally footballness of our holiest football day.

Right about now, every magazine is offering you tips on how to host the perfect Super Bowl party. Onion dip? In a hollowed-out bread bowl? *That's crazy*. The truth is, only a fool hosts his own Super Bowl party. You should never do it, ever. Instead, for the perfect Super Sunday, I suggest that you follow this very special itinerary that I have devised for you.

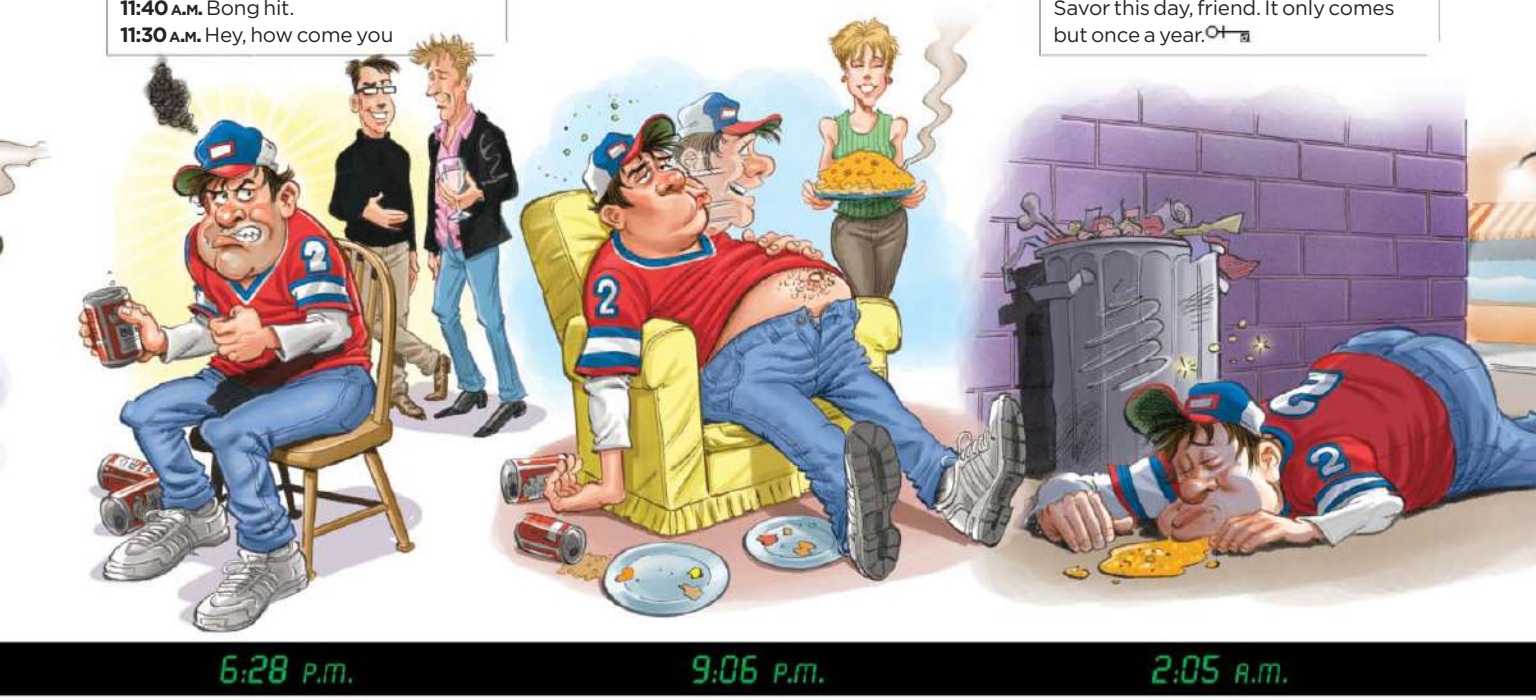
9:00 A.M. Wake up to piss. Piss while scat-singing the "Free Bird" guitar solo.

9:05 A.M. Walk back to bed, check calendar. Realize it's Super Bowl Sunday! *Fuck* and *yes*. You can't believe they pushed the game back to February. It doesn't even feel like February when they're playing the Super Bowl, does it? That horrible dead period after the game has ended? Where you walk outside and you feel like you're on the set of *The Road*? That's *real* February. This is more like an extension of January.

9:08 A.M. Back to bed!

9:15 A.M. You can't sleep. *The game is only nine hours away!* You can hardly contain yourself. You go to the computer and look at porn, and try to hold out your nut for as long as you can, in order to waste as much time as

possible. You last all of five minutes, so you rub out eight more.
9:55 A.M. Breakfast! Cereal and Buffalo wings. All meals on this day must feature wings as a side dish. When you wash your hands on Super Bowl Sunday, please do so with Frank's RedHot Sauce.
10:00 A.M. Hey, look! It's Mike Lupica on *The Sports Reporters*! *Fuck Mike Lupica*.
10:30 A.M. Consult Bodog on all viable Super Bowl prop bets. Mark the ones that look interesting to you. An over/under of 14 points combined in the first quarter? *Pfft*. Clearly, Vegas knows *nothing* about gambling. Teams are jittery at the start of every Super Bowl. *The under for you!* It can't possibly lose!
11:00 A.M. Devise an elaborate four-way parlay bet. All that needs to happen is: The coin toss must be heads, one of the jets flying above Land Shark Stadium must have a blue trail of smoke coming out behind it, the National Anthem must take longer than two minutes, and then the first touchdown must be scored on an interception return that features a lateral. If all those things happen (and they will), you are a thousandaire. Call a bookie. Devise a new life in British Columbia should your bet fail.
11:20 A.M. *Christ,* it's not even noon yet. Better start drinking. No, wait: Better *continue* drinking.
11:30 A.M. Bong hit.
11:35 A.M. Bong hit.
11:40 A.M. Bong hit.
11:30 A.M. Hey, how come you just traveled ten minutes back in time? *Stupid weed*.
12:00 P.M. Think about working out.
12:01 P.M. Fuck that.
12:02 P.M. Lunchtime! Wings. Pizza. And pizza topped with wings.
12:30 P.M. Rank, in your head, the greatest Super Bowls of all time. Everyone does this every year. But your list, of course, is definitive.
1:15 P.M. Oh, hey! It's Chris Berman on ESPN's pregame show! *Fuck Chris Berman.*
2:05 P.M. Nap time!
4:00 P.M. Oh man, where are you? What time is it? What day is it? Are you in your bed, or is this Grandma's house? *No, wait.... The game!*
4:05 P.M. Shower!
5:00 P.M. Off to your friend Jim's Super Bowl party. Good ol' Jim. Every year, he buys all kinds of fancy beer. He makes two kinds of chili, orders giant sub sandwiches, lays out all the chips, and checks the oven in the middle of the second quarter to see if the Trader Joe's spanakopita he bought is golden brown on the outside. And when you leave, he gets to clean it all up. Just so he can tell people he throws a Super Bowl party every year. What a sucker.
5:05 P.M. *Eateateateateat.* And continue drinking.
6:28 P.M. Kickoff! Some asshole hipster in the corner is talking to some other asshole hipster in the corner about books and stuff. Who invited these people? Why did they come if they don't like football? *Ban these fuckers*.
6:29 P.M. The first ad. You are underwhelmed. Prepare to be underwhelmed by a thousand more $5-million fucked-by-committee commercials during the telecast.
6:36 P.M. Every part of your prop bet is wrong already. *Fuck Earth*.
7:12 P.M. Hey, this game kinda blows.
8:15 P.M. It's the Who. Remember when Roger Daltrey wasn't tone deaf? That was fun.
9:06 P.M. Whoa ... feeling kinda bloated here. All that beer. All that hot sauce. It's like a bubbling cauldron in your large intestine. What's that? Tray of nachos fresh out of the oven? *Score*.
9:25 P.M. You know, for pumping out three kids, Jim's wife has a pretty decent ass. Have 30-second sexual fantasy about Jim's wife. Tell no one, ever.
9:40 P.M. Hey, this game's starting to get interesting....
9:55 P.M. Two minutes left! Holy shit! They couldn't possibly pull it ou—
10:05 P.M. *Touchdown!* What a game! And you won Jim's Super Bowl boxes! Plus, you got to dream-bang his old lady. Score for you!
10:30 P.M. Go to Jim's bathroom. Shit in his toilet, then throw up in it.
11:00 P.M. Get kicked out of Jim's house. Report to bar. Continue drinking alone for reasons that escape you.
2:05 A.M. Pass out in nearby alleyway, fingers orange from wing binge. Savor this day, friend. It only comes but once a year.



Ask Right and You Shall Receive

You delivered on the Valentine's Day romance. Now how do you get that down-and-dirty payback you've always wanted? It's all about how you ask.

By Chelsea Summers

Truth be told, humans are profoundly flawed, men never more so than in the eyes of the women who fuck them. Speaking for women, I can tell you that the number-one thing you're doing wrong—with nearly unerring accuracy—is asking for (a) more blowjobs, (b) back-door action, and/or (c) group sex. You may have asked for something as simple as a movie-theater handjob and been shot down so efficiently that, for a fleeting moment, you wondered if your date had a secret life as a CIA sniper.

Here's the thing: It's not your fault. Women are impossible. We're impossible in general, and we're doubly impossible when it comes to sex. It's not our fault, any more than it's your fault that there's no surefire way to ask for a threesome. Unlike you guys, who are encouraged by society to experience practically anything and everything sexual, we get thoroughly trashed whether we're monogamous and devoted to missionary (we're frigid) or adventurous and experimental (we're sluts). Forgive us if we get flummoxed when you ask for a little kink. We don't always know what to think when it comes to sex.

Intellectually, we may understand that you're beset by desires that fit as awkwardly in your mouth as marbles: Bukkake. Ménage à trois. Candaulism. Pegging. What's a man to do? Well, where there's a want, there's a way to ask for it, and I'm going to guide you in making your low-down dirty dreams a happy, shiny reality. Remember, women fantasize too. If you can find a way to appeal to our inner sluts, we might come up with something incredibly hot that hasn't yet occurred to you. You're not the only ones with dirty minds.

Think Before You Speak

First of all, you need to know what you want. The first step to getting it is to have a definite end result in mind—whether it's spanking a naughty pirate wench while growling "Yar, matey!" in her ear or filming your own scandalous sex tape. Then you need to consider who you're asking to fulfill your fantasy. It's one thing to request public sexcapades from your longtime girlfriend. It's quite another to ask a chick if you can blow your load on her face the first time you fuck. Taking the time to consider the who, what, where, and when—not to mention why, if you're an introspective emo-guy—will determine the approach. In short, ponder long and hard about what you're requesting of whom *before* you ask your date to bring a long, hard strap-on and a bottle of high-quality viscous lube to a crowded party.

Think of making your request as staging a campaign of war. Know your enemy, aka your lover. Consider the strengths and weaknesses of her sexual boundaries, her likes and dislikes, and the terrain where you'll be mounting your campaign. Armed with this intel, plan your attack. A girl you met on a hook-up site like AdultFriendFinder or Craigslist's Intimate Encounters might be more amenable than a girlfriend to being asked point-blank if you can come on her tits, but she'll probably balk if you ask to go bareback. Your fiancée, however, might have no issue with ditching the condom,

but she might rip you a new one if you ask to give her a pearl necklace. In a long-term relationship, you have to work up to the really kinky stuff (more on how to do that later). That's the beauty of online booty calls. You can find the down-and-dirty sex you're looking for with no strings attached. Just be safe out there.

Lock and Load, Point and Shoot

Sometimes it's best to be direct. Say you and your girlfriend are hot and heavy, pupils dilated and nether parts pearly and tumescent. Take advantage of the heat of the moment with a simple and straightforward question: "Can I come on your tits?" "Suck my cock?" and "Can I tie you up?" are all appropriate to this scenario. "Can we have a threesome with your best friend Shandra?" is not. Let the pheromones work for you, but don't ask them to bear too big a load.

Sometimes it's better to take the scenic route to your request. When dealing with women, never underestimate the power of a heartfelt compliment. What you always need to remember is, when you ask us for something new, we take it as a complaint about our performance in bed. You don't mean it that way, but that's what we hear. Use a genuine compliment as a preface to a request, preferably one with a logical connection to that request. You wouldn't say, "Baby, you have the most beautiful skin. Will you please fuck another man and let me watch?" You might, however, get what you want with, "Baby, you give the best head. You have a real artistry and passion. I'd love it if you would indulge me with your oral skills more often. Maybe now?" This one-two punch of compliment and request, said with sincerity, can really pack a wallop. Then you can work up to, "Baby, I would love to watch you practice your oral arts on another man." The bigger the request, the more slowly you work up to it.

What if you want a threesome with your girlfriend and another woman? Start by complimenting your girlfriend's beauty. Tell her that, to you, her body is a perfect illustration of the female form, and that you'd love to see her body complemented by another woman's. This can be an effective way to get a reluctant bicurious girl to take a trip to the Isle of Lesbos.

Just be careful you don't lay on the compliments too thick. We aren't morons, and we'll know when you're up to something.

Seduce and Destroy

Another thing about women is, we don't always know we want something. This is particularly true when it comes to sex. We carry around tons of baggage about fucking. We're told "nice girls" don't like or do some things, and if we like certain activities, there's something wrong with us. When it comes to sex, we have a hard time trusting our bodies and minds. This lets you ride to our sexual rescue. Seduce us and destroy our barriers by leading us down the path to the garden of earthly delights, step-by-step. Of course, this approach works best in long-term relationships, because it's based on your gaining our trust with incremental movements.

Say your dream is to have your girl tied to a St. Andrew's cross, with a butt plug in her ass, ready for the flogger in your hand; you're both smiling in anticipation of the sexual pleasure in store. In reality, your girl is apprehensive about wearing handcuffs. What do you do? Start small. Break your big goal—be it BDSM, anal sex, group sex, or watching hard-core porn while she gives you a hummer—into its smallest parts. If you're interested in anal, start by playing with her ass while you give her head. If you want to watch porn with her, begin with something mainstream, like *Eyes Wide Shut.* The point is to help us find pleasure in the process, so we'll want it ourselves. That way, we'll become more likely to acquiesce to your requests, even as they escalate.

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Be Passive-Aggressive, in a Good Way

Here's the most shocking secret: You're not meeting your chick's deepest, darkest desires either. You know that song with the guy who likes piña coladas and walks in the rain, and the chick who answers his personals ad is his girlfriend? Maybe that's you, and you like the scritch pile at a furry party and watching a girl take three guys at once, and the chick who answers your ad is *your* girlfriend. Maybe she fantasizes about her best friend sometimes, too, or about swapping with another couple. Maybe she really wants to be the naughty nurse, or secretly wants you to watch her rub one out. Maybe she wants to see what you've got in that prodigious porn collection of yours. Maybe she wants to tell you all of this. And maybe you just need to ask.

Posing hypothetical questions can provide pressure-free space for her to answer you honestly. Look through her books or magazines for something that gives you an in. Maybe she has A. N. Roquelaure's *Sleeping Beauty* trilogy hidden under her bed. (We hide our erotica there, too.) Maybe you can accidentally on purpose find it. There's your opening to asking her if she has any violated-princess fantasies. Maybe her new issue of *Cosmo* has an article on guys and pornography. Use that to segue into a question about what *she* thinks about watching porn.

One caveat: This can backfire if you seem disingenuous. Keep the conversation light, as if you're just curious. More important, be ready to go along with at least some of what your woman brings up. Maybe you've never considered the joys of playing the submissive, but she's interested in

indulging her dominant side. The best way to get her into those handcuffs could be to let her get *you* into them first.

Go Team

Proposing a new sexual experience as a special project for the two of you can be a very effective way to ensure your partner's interest. Some women really respond to a challenge, especially if they see it as something you're working on together. For one thing, this suggests intimacy, something we generally prize. For another, it suggests permanence, something that many of us are also very into.

This approach works best when you've been a couple for a while and it's an activity you can both put time and effort into. Whether you want to explore sex parties or enjoy the Kama Sutra in all its full-color, acrobatic glory, suggest taking on the project as a couple. You can research it together, talk it over together, put it into action together. This is similar to the Seduce and Destroy technique, but you're enlisting your girlfriend's help in setting the small goals along the way.

You can't really use this technique with a one-night stand. This approach implies you're in it to win it, and there's nothing wrong with that if the prize is, say, her newfound ability to deep-throat. Sex is a minefield, but it's also a mind game. Learn how to play the game and you'll navigate the minefield safely. Hey, you'll even enjoy yourself in the process. Nothing is as much fun as making your cherished fantasy a lasting memory ... especially if it's a threesome with her hot best friend.

miami vices

It's always steamy in South Florida. Luckily, 21-year-old surfer girl E.J. is happy to strip down when the mercury rises. The aspiring actress, who heated up the screen herself briefly on *The Hills* and *Entourage*, says, "I feel more comfortable in the nude. Clothes are awkward and complicating." We couldn't agree more!

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

This five-foot-eleven-inch, 34-24-35 beauty hails from low-key Portland, Oregon, but she's had no trouble adapting to Miami Beach's nightlife. "I even got laid on the roof of the Mynt Lounge," she confesses. "*Shh,* don't tell!"

MagDownload.org

"I like men who are loyal and funny—and know how to take orders in the bedroom. I tell my men exactly what I want. I like this, I love that, stop doing that. More, more, more!"

"My best qualities are my ability to adapt to difficult situations, my sense of free will, and ... I have the most amazing legs."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF E.J. AT PENTHOUSE.COM

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Flo Rida goes undercover in the AdultFriendFinder mansion in his recent video for "Touch Me" ... and somehow resists the considerable charms of several AdultFriendFinder girls.

By Kara Wahlgren

Two of the Internet's biggest stars were spotted heating things up at the posh Temple House in South Beach, Florida: The mansion was the setting for a video featuring one of digital music's hottest stars and one of the Web's sexiest social-media sites.

Flo Rida has rocked the digital-music scene like no one else. In 2007, while other rappers were preoccupied with public pissing matches over album sales, Flo's party jam "Low" became the best-selling digital download of all time. So far the track has racked up more than five million downloads—it's probably on your grandmother's iPod. In lieu of a sophomore slump, last March he released "Right Round," the first single from his follow-up album, which set the record for most downloads in a week. Which means it only makes sense that Flo would work with another online powerhouse—one of the most popular social-networking sites. With more than 30 million members, AdultFriendFinder consistently ranks in the top 50 websites, no small feat on a list that's clogged with search engines and social-media sites.

It's a perfect pairing, because when you're shooting a video for a single called "Touch Me," you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone more touchable than a sexy team of AdultFriendFinder girls. "We were thrilled to have AdultFriendFinder on board for the video, as it is always great to combine a very sexy, high-octane record with a very sexy brand," says Flo's agent, Adam Kluger.

In the video, Flo is on a mission to rescue rap diva Trina from the AdultFriendFinder mansion. Of course, the mansion is fictional—although maybe that's a good thing, because we'd never leave—so the video was filmed at the ultraluxe Temple House, the largest estate in South Beach and a party mecca for A-listers like Jennifer Lopez, Jay-Z, and Jamie Foxx. Once inside the mansion, Flo stays focused on his undercover mission for about three seconds before he's surrounded by a throng of hot and bothered AdultFriendFinder girls who do their best to distract him. "All the AdultFriendFinder girls are very provocative and aggressive," Kluger says. "Flo kind of gets caught up in the party.... He just can't help himself." But, like any good secret agent, Flo manages to have his cake and eat it, too. After some quality time with the AdultFriendFinder girls, he whisks Trina away in a Ferrari.

And of course, a sizzling music video wouldn't be complete without a hot release party. Flo Rida celebrated the premiere with AdultFriendFinder staff at LIV at the Fontainebleau Miami Beach. AdultFriendFinder members also got a sneak peek at the video, which played exclusively on the site for a week before hitting MTV, BET, and YouTube. Now *that's* a collaboration with benefits.

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK MANN

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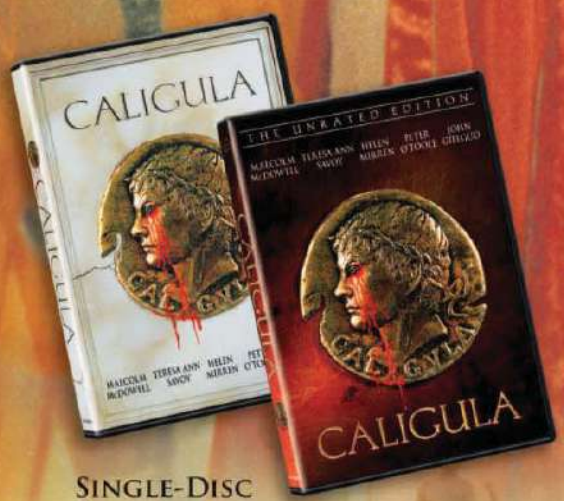

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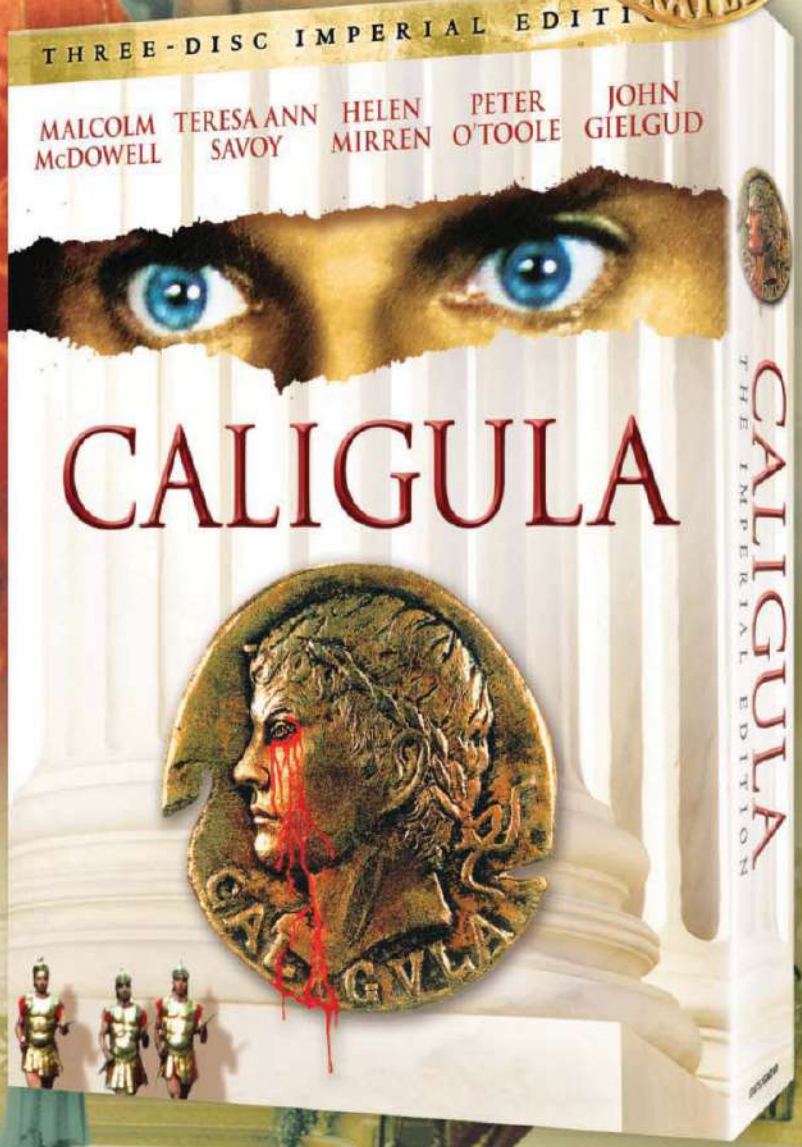
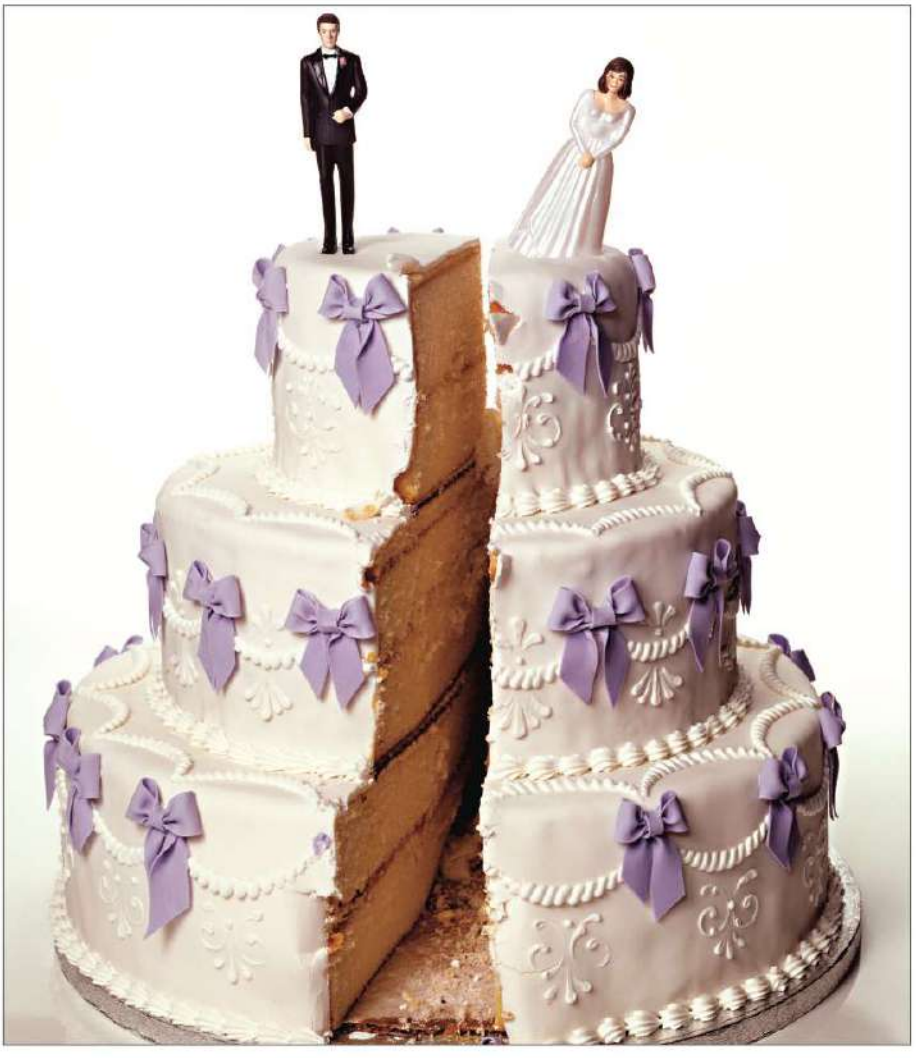


DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



My parents divorced in my early teens, and it seems like most of my relatives and buddies are either divorced or heading there. I recently married a woman I'm crazy about, but the high of being with her is spoiled by my constant fears about our relationship not working out. Can you give a few general rules that will help our relationship last?

The Downs side: The first rule is, don't expect that "high" to last. Absolutely no one goes through life as husband and wife cooing at each other and making out all day. One day you're soul mates, the next, you're just her asshole husband and she's a fucking bitch. To stay happily married, you have to decide to love each other through the lows, too.

The second rule is, banish from your mind any thoughts of your marriage "not working out." Remember, when you got married, you vowed certain things. I suspect a lot of couples mumble through their wedding vows like they're reciting the Pledge of Allegiance: They don't really mean or even hear what they're saying. But think about what you promised—to stay together, no matter what, till death do you part. Or did you solemnly swear to play house until you get sick of each other?

If divorce is so common among your family and friends, you might think that's what everyone does when they're not happy. Instead, you should think of it as the nuclear option, the D-bomb. Even when you're pushed to the brink—and most couples get there sooner or later—don't be the one to drop the bomb.

I don't mean to be a total buzzkill about marriage; I just don't want you to panic and do something stupid the first time you have a real marital crisis. Most of the time, things are going to be fine, even sweet. So rule number three is, think about something else. Fussing about relationships is for single people. Married people ought to be able to take the relationship for granted. You should be thinking about what you'll be doing together next month or next year, not whether you'll still be together.

The Pet doctor: The fact that you're trying to storm-proof your relationship is a good sign, since most men put little effort into their relationships. Most women need three things to keep them happy: attention, affection, and appreciation. Listen to your wife and express interest in what she says; show her you care by giving her cards, flowers, and other things that make most men gag; and express your love through hugs, kisses, and caresses. You can significantly enhance your chances of relationship survival if you:

- tackle the conflict; don't avoid it.
- put your wife before your job.
- give each other room for independent interests.
- help with housework.
- have plenty of sex.
- keep the in-laws from intruding.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ENVISION/CORBIS

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

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SHOW-OFF

I am quite an exhibitionist, and love the thought of girls admiring my erect cock. I have been masturbating in my car for many years, and must shamelessly admit I have enjoyed the look of shock on the faces of surprised ladies as they realize what I'm doing. I'll bet a few of them wished they could feel my enormous cock inside their tight, wet pussies. I realize that I could be arrested for my exhibitionistic behavior, and herein lies the problem: That turns me on too! I'm feeling the urge to become more brazen in revealing myself, perhaps in subways or other forms of public transportation. Are there any suggestions you can offer to help me deal with my fetish, or to express it in such a way as to not get myself into legal trouble?

The Pet doctor: While you may think women crave the sight of your cock, most would be disgusted by your behavior and regard you as a creepy pervert. Your best legal defense probably would be to plead mental illness and seek psychiatric help. If you really get turned on by shocking women, you should seek such help now, before you get a criminal record—and whatever you do, keep your cock in your pants when you're in public places if you want to stay out of the slammer or the nuthouse.

If you are really just proud of your cock size, show it off in a legal way: volunteer as a live nude model at an art class, try out as a male dancer at a strip club, or attend swinger parties where your erect and throbbing cock might be met with a bit more enthusiasm than in mall parking lots. But you should really get over the idea that your cock size is a big turn-on for women. No matter the size, women like cocks when they're attached to cool guys, not to creepy flashers.

THE BIG CHILL

I have noticed that my sex drive decreases when it's cold outside. My fiancée is coming to visit me for two weeks. What can I do to make sure I am in peak sexual shape?

The Downs side: Low sex drive is one symptom of seasonal affective disorder (SAD), along with feeling depressed, sluggish, and tired all the time. Cold weather isn't to blame; SAD is related to the short daylight hours during winter. Stress is also deadly to the libido, and for many of us, the winter holidays are the most stressful time of year. Put the aftereffects of that together with the coldest weather and you've got a no-mojo cocktail. The antidote is balanced living. As a rule, what's good for your general health and well-being also works for your libido.

Start with regular exercise. As advice goes, that's like getting a pair of socks for a gift, so I'll sex it up for you: Hit the gym and go for the burn. Get pumped, ripped, and stacked. Then, when you get home, strip down to your boxers in front of a mirror and tell yourself you are one sexy beast.

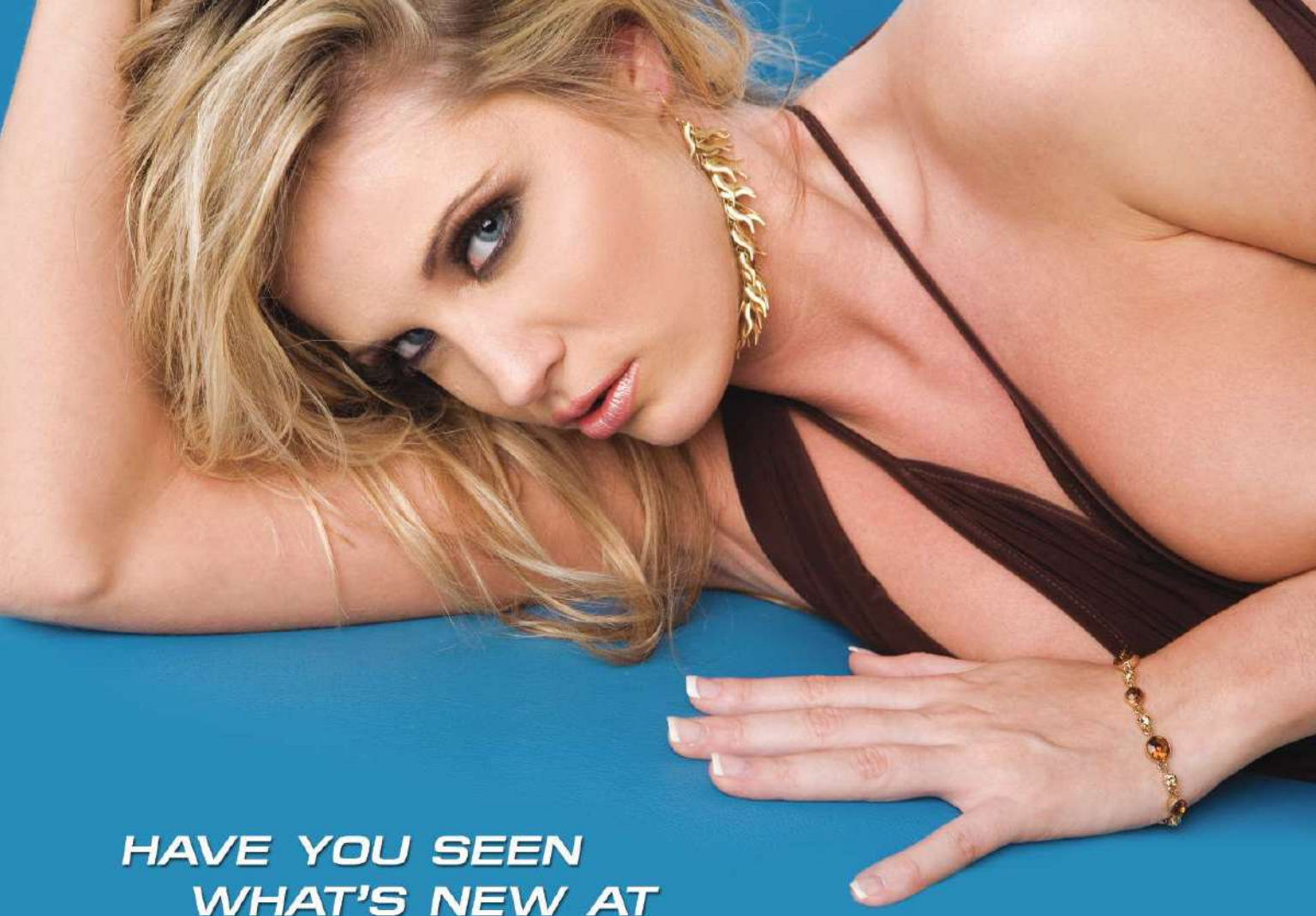
Exercise isn't only for fitness. It also relieves stress. But if you like to unwind with a couple of beers, that's fine—with emphasis on a couple, as in not more than two a day. Too much alcohol drowns your libido (which could explain why so many priests drink).

If you think your problem might be SAD, avoid sleeping late, and get in the habit of spending time outside every day. You could also try using a light-therapy lamp that simulates bright sunshine.

I know a lot of guys who think that getting by on five hours of sleep proves how tough they are, but at least eight hours a night is essential for both mind and body to function optimally. The more you cheat on sleep, the more out of whack your system gets. Being sleep-deprived makes you drive as badly as a drunk, and it may make you more prone to catching colds and flu. Lack of sleep has also been linked to lower levels of testosterone, the hormone that fuels your sex drive. Research has shown that men's testosterone levels steadily increase during sleep, and decline while they're awake.

Like I said, it's not the sexiest advice, but these are simple ways to sex up your life.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FIRST LIGHT/ALAMY



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Good Vibrations

This Valentine's Day, give her a gift that hits the spot—her G spot. And remember, increasing her sexual pleasure pays off for you, too.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

There's no denying that women love presents, or that you will always score major points by surprising her with an unexpected gift. To really wow her, give her something that keeps on giving: new heights of passionate pleasure, courtesy of the Penthouse Secrets collection.

The 6.75-inch Ultra Fantastic Vibe 7X and the 5.25-inch Ribbed Fantasy Vibe 7X are waterproof and have slick, thick shafts and seven toe-curling functions of vibration and pulsation, controlled by easy-to-use Push-4-Play buttons. The Ribbed Fantasy is my favorite, as I prefer the ribbed rather than smooth shaft.

If your honey is into clitoral orgasms, you'll want to get a smaller vibe with attachments, and the Penthouse Mini-Vibe Kit is one of the best. There are few women who wouldn't be thrilled to get this updated compact classic. It's well-rounded, smooth, and water resistant; it has a handy wrist cord; and it comes with four rubber sleeves equipped with ticklers that will guarantee her satisfaction.

If she's never had a G-spot orgasm—actually, especially if she's never had one—the Secrets G-Explorers are ideal. Because stimulating the sometimes elusive G spot requires some pressure, the G-Explorers are made from hard but easy-to-clean ABS plastic, and they each have an angled tip with a powerful motor that concentrates vibrations directly on the G spot. There's the 5-inch Perfect G-Explorer Demure Pink, the 5.5-inch Ribbed G-Explorer Bashful Blue, and the ring-shafted 5.75-inch Ultra G-Explorer Shy Purple. You put it into her vagina about an inch and a half to two inches deep, with the angled tip facing toward the frontal vaginal wall, and gently tap or press in a circular motion until she begins to moan and get very wet. Most women really enjoy G-spot passion play—and some will even expel fluid known as female ejaculate (due to the pressure that's placed on the urethral sponge in this same area).

Whichever vibe you choose, don't expect her to use it on herself when you're not around. Tell her you want to explore the erotic possibilities with her, so you can watch her come. When you tell her that you're turned on by the sight, sounds, and sensations of her orgasms, you create sexual intimacy that, for a woman, can be more important than her climax itself. Use the vibrator to tease and tantalize her, bringing her almost to the Big O, and finish the job with your cock while you devour her mouth—a surefire way to win repeat performances.

Above: The Penthouse Mini-Vibe Kit. Left (from left to right): Ultra Fantastic Vibe, Ribbed Fantasy Vibe, Perfect G-Explorer, Ribbed G-Explorer, Ultra G-Explorer.

COCKSUCKER

I've been married for many years and I love my wife. We have a good sex life and we often use toys in our lovemaking. One time I pulled out a dildo from her pussy, and her juices looked so appetizing that I licked it and then sucked it. To my surprise, I really liked the sensation of it filling my mouth. Since then I have begun to fantasize about what it would be like to suck cock. Do you think I should try out that fantasy?

The Downs side: You're obviously worried that wanting to suck cock means you're gay, or that doing it would turn you gay, or some such thing. Sucking cock doesn't make you gay any more than riding in a limousine will make you rich. But you have to admit that you look pretty gay while you're doing it. If that freaks you out, leave it alone. If you're cool with it, the real question is whether it's a good idea—practically speaking.

Since you mention your excellent lovemaking with your wife, you've got to consider what she would say. I'm certain that if she told you she fantasizes about eating pussy, you would be thrilled. Oddly, though, most women don't have the same erotic obsession about men sucking off men that we have about girl-on-girl action.

I couldn't predict how open your wife would be to this if you brought it up. But if she finds out after the fact that you've been blowing guys, good luck trying to explain yourself.

Let's talk about other risks. You can get sexually transmitted infections from sucking strange dick. Using a condom would be safer, but if your fantasy is about tasting a big sweaty member, that might defeat the purpose. Also, before you decide to go out cruising, think of former U.S. Senator Larry Craig, who, despite being completely not gay, was arrested for soliciting oral sex in an airport men's room.

Should you get hung up on any of these factors, you could try sucking your own cock. Seriously, it's possible. Although it's said to be a very rare ability, that may have more to do with the abundance of big bellies than the rarity of 12-inch penises. Some guys who aren't as well-endowed as that fabled man from Nantucket can make up for it with flexibility. General physical conditioning, stretching exercises, and yoga could help you get there without breaking your neck.

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valentine's vixens

Chloe and Kimberly found the perfect way to spend Singles Awareness Day: getting better acquainted with each other's curves and crevices. As Kimberly whispers, "I've got your back, baby," in Chloe's ear, both girls already know that they'll be re-enacting this Valentine's celebration every chance they get.

Photographs by Josh Ryan

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF CHLOE AND KIMBERLY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Let the Good Times R

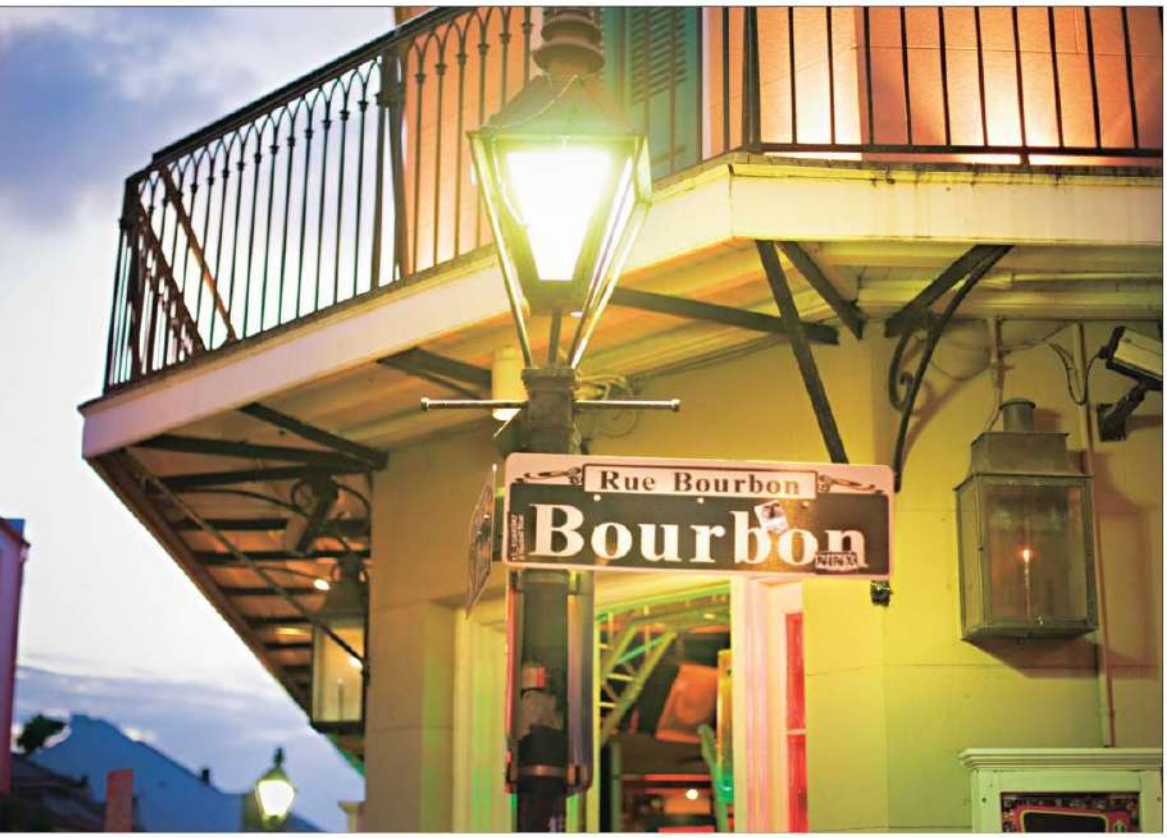
With all due respect to Las Vegas, New Orleans is North America's original Sin City. And while Mardi Gras may be its most well-known celebration, Naw'lins is more than ready to entertain you all year.

By Keith Michael

Call

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I know, I'm one.

Whether a house of ill repute, a gambling hall, or a jail inspired the folk song that was adapted into the Animals' 1964 hit "The House of the Rising Sun" is open to debate. What is beyond dispute is New Orleans's ability to ruin a guy, or at least provide a prospective groom with a last hurrah worthy of the title. The city's commingling of French, Spanish, and various African cultures—coupled with a port town's naturally decadent tendencies—cultivated a healthy appetite for good food, good music, good times, and entrancing, racy, and mischievous women.



The King of the Krewe of St. Ann

This blow-up doll was left for dead at Mardi Gras.

Conveniently enough, there is no last call in New Orleans; bars can, and often do, stay open around the clock. Plastic "go cups" at the door enable patrons to legally consume alcohol on the street. Such laissez-faire regulation is conducive to a bachelor party to remember—or to attempt to remember, as you and your boys re-enact last summer's hit *The Hangover* and compare bar bills, bruises, babe photos on your cellphones, etc.

Another bonus to New Orleans: Spending as much on the bachelor party as the wedding itself isn't necessary. You'll be hard-pressed to find a nightclub with a velvet rope, as the town earned its nickname, the Big Easy, in part for an utter lack of pretension. Locals consider the city the northernmost point of the Caribbean, rather than a southern city. Since Hurricane Katrina and the subsequent levee failures of August 2005, New Orleans has made tremendous strides to recover and rebuild. Visitors to the historic French Quarter and adjoining downtown business district may not even notice anything amiss.

This is especially true during Mardi Gras, an annual citywide bachelor party. The two weekends leading up to Fat Tuesday (the date varies, depending on when Ash Wednesday falls on the calendar; in 2010, it's February 16) are both a family celebration along parade routes and an adult bacchanal in the French Quarter. Women who get caught up in the spirit—we're talking civilians, not pros who get paid to take off their clothes—flash their tits in hopes of getting cheap strands of plastic beads. (Don't reciprocate by dropping trou. Even here, the police frown on men exposing themselves. And who wants to see that anyway?)

If the idea of partying in the streets shoulder-to-shoulder with a million of your closest friends is overwhelming, no worries. New Orleans specializes in entertainment year-round.

EYE CANDY

Since the golden age of burlesque, the art of the reveal has figured prominently in New Orleans nightlife. A dozen modest-size clubs—weekend nights average 20 entertainers on the floor at any given time—are interspersed among the beer joints, daiquiri bars, music clubs, restaurants, and T-shirt shops that crowd the lower blocks of Bourbon Street, arguably the most notoriously festive street on the continent. Most, but not all, of the seedy "clip joints"—where suckers who indulged in illicit backroom gropes often departed with their pockets picked clean—have given way to more upstanding establishments.

THE CITY'S ABILITY TO PROVIDE A PROSPECTIVE GROOM WITH A LAST HURRAH WORTHY OF THE TITLE HAS MADE IT A HOT SPOT FOR DECADES.

The Penthouse Club sits atop the food chain. This classic gentlemen's club a half-block off Bourbon is a three-story pleasure palace. Entertainers frolic on the main floor, a clean and well-lit space with mirrored walls and tasteful decor. For philosophical reasons, grooms are not allowed onstage. Assistant general manager John Miller explains that as far as the Penthouse Club is concerned, a bachelor party "should be about the bachelor, not the rest of the party. Embarrassing the groom is for everybody else's amusement, not his." A considerate group of buddies might instead treat the man of the night to an hour-long fantasy in one of the private second-floor VIP rooms.

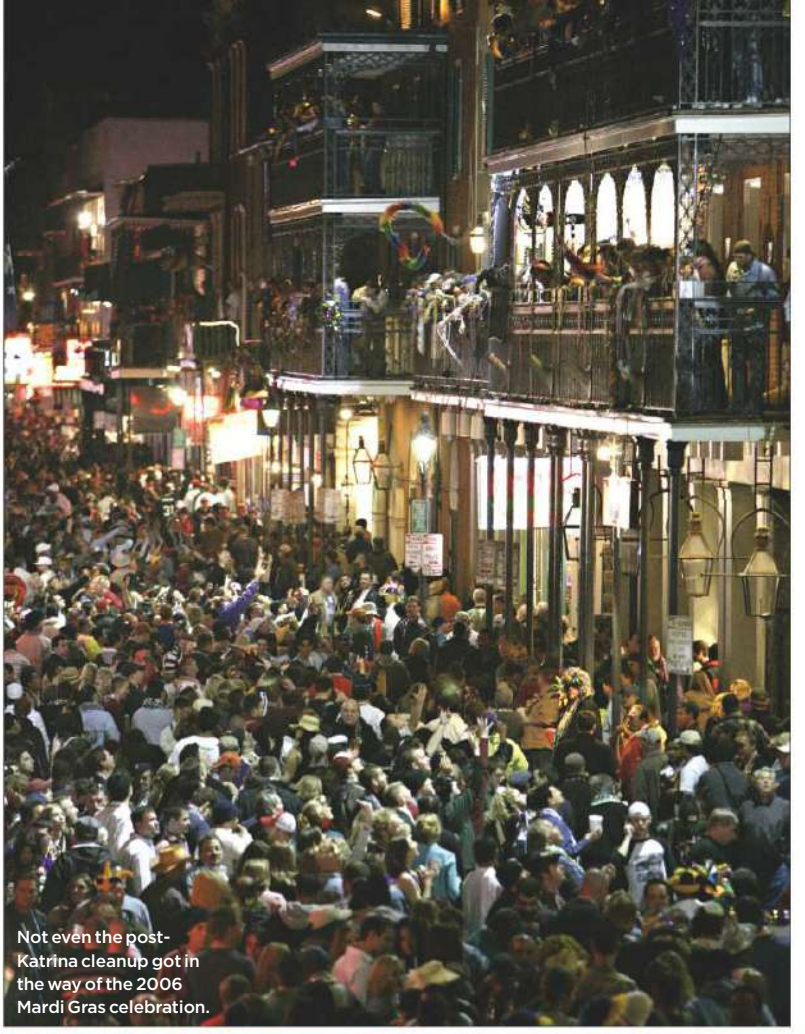
Think peanut butter and jelly is a great combo? How about a sports bar spiked with gentlemen's club

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD) SEAN GARDNER/REUTERS/CORBIS (CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT) OWAKI/KULLA/CORBIS, XYZPHOTOS/ALAMY, BARRY LEWIS/CORBIS

flavor? In mid-2009 Rick's Sporting Saloon opened in the longtime home of Big Daddy's, infamous for the pair of legs that swung near its marquee. The shabby space was transformed into a faux French Quarter courtyard complete with wrought-iron railings, pressed-tin ceilings, working gas lanterns, and a private upstairs lounge with balcony access overlooking Bourbon Street. A humidor is stocked with fine cigars; big-screen TVs are tuned to sports channels; waitresses in knee-high athletic socks and skimpy satin shorts serve burgers, fried calamari, Cajun-roasted peanuts—and lap dances. According to one manager, "It's everything you want to do at Hooters but can't."

Elsewhere on the street, the dancers are a little less centerfold-worthy, their tattoos a little less artful; not coincidentally, the clubs are darker and the rules of engagement a bit looser. The entire third floor of Babe's Cabaret is a private party room big enough to host a crowd of 200. The space features its own pool tables, stage, and bar. At Lipstixx, the deejay will roast a bachelor when supplied with such intelligence as the names of ex-girlfriends; dancers will further humiliate him. At Déjà Vu Showgirls, upward of 30 girls have been known to gang up on a hapless, helpless bachelor. The neon sign promises "1000s of beautiful girls and 3 ugly ones"; a bouncer clarifies that the three ugly ones are "pretty girls with low self-esteem."

Visions Men's Club bills itself as "where the locals go." You'll need a local, or at least a cabbie, to find it. It's tucked off Interstate 10 in a hard-scrabble swath of New Orleans East, a ten-minute drive from the French Quarter. It's housed in a former post office, and it still delivers, if you're on a budget; a bottle of beer is only $4. Two long, U-shaped bars provide 300 feet of stage runway, making every bar stool a front-row seat. And the groom is welcome to run a gauntlet of girls onstage—after he signs a waiver.



Not even the post-Katrina cleanup got in the way of the 2006 Mardi Gras celebration.

The Penthouse Club

BON APPÉTIT

New Orleans ranks among the best restaurant destinations, not just in America, but the world. Chow options range from edible architectural wonders constructed on fine china to down-home "po-boy" sandwiches stuffed with anything from roast beef to fried shrimp—the local equivalent of a Philly cheesesteak.

Unspoken rules of bachelor-party decorum dictate red meat must be consumed. The cozy La Boca in the Warehouse District puts an Argentine-inspired spin on the steakhouse, specializing in hangar and flank steaks with near-flawless french fries.

John Besh—the local celebrity chef *not* prone to shouting "Bam!"—made his bones with Restaurant August, a temple of fine dining. A more recent endeavor, Besh Steak, in Harrah's New Orleans Casino, is less buttoned-down but no less ambitious, serving surf and turf, often together. The 30-day-aged, 18-ounce prime New York strip with bleu-cheese butter and onion rings battered in Abita Amber beer is not for the faint of heart.

The tile-floor dining room at Crescent City Steaks is virtually unchanged since its founder butter-sizzled his first chunk of cow 75 years ago. The no-frills, proudly unreconstructed local favorite traffics in strip sirloins, rib eyes, porterhouses, filets, and T-bones, a half-dozen potato variations, a few token vegetables, and not much else.

Given the city's proximity to the Gulf of Mexico, seafood factors heavily in local cuisine. If it swims, crawls, or rests on the bottom of the sea, it is likely available fried, broiled, or grilled. GW Fins, in the Quarter, is great for fancy fish dishes. Cochon's signature fare is pig-related—ham hocks are a

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP) MATTHEW CAVANAUGH/EPA/CORBIS

La Boca Steakhouse

favorite—but the bacon and fried oyster sandwich is a revelation.

Creole-Italian fare is another man-centric New Orleans staple; Tommy's Cuisine is among the best. Other don't-miss fine-dining spots include Gautreau's, Stella!, and Emeril's Delmonico—but these are not places to get obnoxiously drunk. If you want to cut loose and hit the other end of the spectrum, seek out Parkway Bakery & Tavern, a roadhouse with one of the sloppiest and most succulent roast beef po-boys in town.

LAY IT DOWN

Eventually, you'll want—or need—to sleep. The immaculate white-marble lobby of the Royal Sonesta Hotel New Orleans is an oasis of serenity and old Big Easy opulence standing in sharp contrast to the Bourbon Street din outside. Just off the lobby is Irvin Mayfield's Jazz Playhouse, a sleek lounge with live jazz nightly. During Mardi Gras, the proprietors grease the support poles beneath the balconies to prevent unwanted visitors from shimmying up to the second floor. (If necessary, however, a quick getaway *down* the pole is still possible.)

The stately Hotel Monteleone, around the corner on Royal Street, is close to the action while still providing a respite. The Carousel Bar boasts a revolving circular bar steeped in the lore of writers, raconteurs, and revelers. William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, and Truman Capote had a history with the storied hotel—as do its reputed resident ghosts.

The Roosevelt reopened in 2009 following $145 million in post-Katrina renovations. It's been restored to its 1920s glory and retrofitted with modern amenities. A block-long lobby of gold columns and crystal chandeliers makes for a grand avenue of an entrance, and the Sazerac Bar, with its vintage art-deco murals and *Mad Men* vibe, is the perfect place for a cocktail to start—or finish—the night.

Prefer more modern digs? The lobby of the W Hotel on Poydras Street, blocks from the Quarter, pulsates with club music day and night, and is a likely spot to run into a member of the Mars Volta. Regroup after a long night in a rooftop poolside cabana.

SOUNDS OF THE TOWN

If you live for live music, plan your party for the last weekend in April or the first weekend in May. Each spring, the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival fills the 20-acre infield of the Fair Grounds horse-racing track with ten stages that are then stocked by local blues, jazz, funk, gospel, Cajun, and rock bands, plus such national headliners as the Dave Matthews Band, Kings of Leon, Wilco, and Ben Harper.

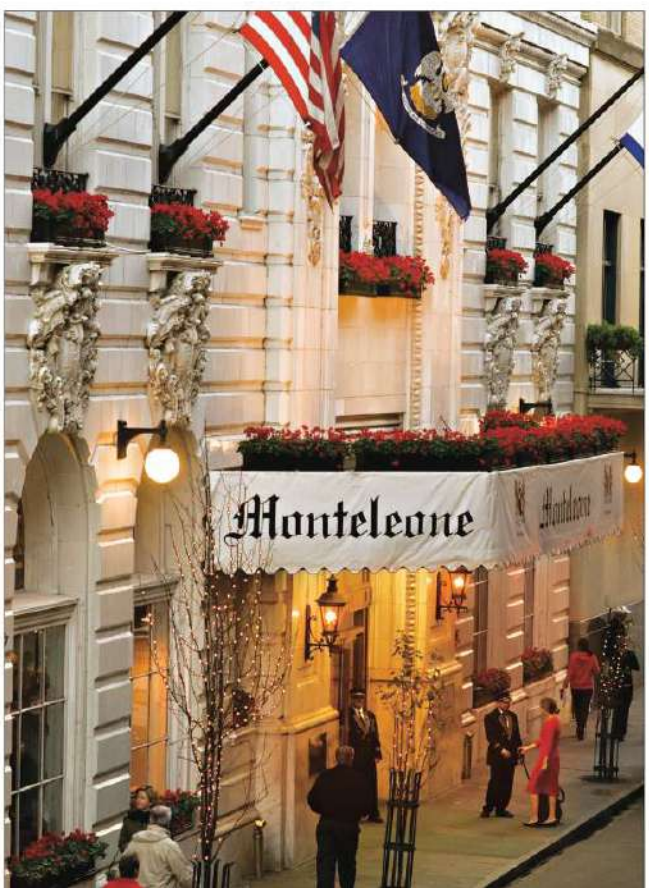
The Voodoo Experience, staged Halloween weekend amid the oak trees and lagoons of City Park, is Jazz Fest's heavily tattooed little brother. The 2009 Voodoo featured Kiss, Eminem, Lenny Kravitz, the Flaming Lips, Widespread Panic, and dozens more. And the annual Essence Music Festival presents the best in urban contemporary music—Beyoncé, Maxwell, Mary J. Blige—in the Superdome every Fourth of July weekend.

Major festivals aside, New Orleans is a stone-cold music city every night of the week. Every Tuesday night for a decade, the Rebirth Brass Band has thrown down a funky hybrid of street beats, funk grooves, and trumpet fanfares at the hole-in-the-wall Maple Leaf Bar. Book a lane at the Mid-City Lanes Rock 'n' Bowl, a bowling alley that doubles as a particularly hospitable club with live local roots music.

Frenchmen Street, off the southeast corner of the Quarter, presents a bohemian alternative to Bourbon Street. At Halloween and Mardi Gras, costumes both sexy and scary—and pretty much everything in between—abound. Year-round, Frenchmen's two-block entertainment district hosts a nightly sidewalk carnival of sights, sounds, and smells. Visit Snug Harbor for jazz and burgers, the Spotted Cat Music Club and Apple Barrel Bar for street-corner blues, and d.b.a. for a multitude of beers on tap and sexy-librarian bartenders.

AMUSED & ACCESSORIZED

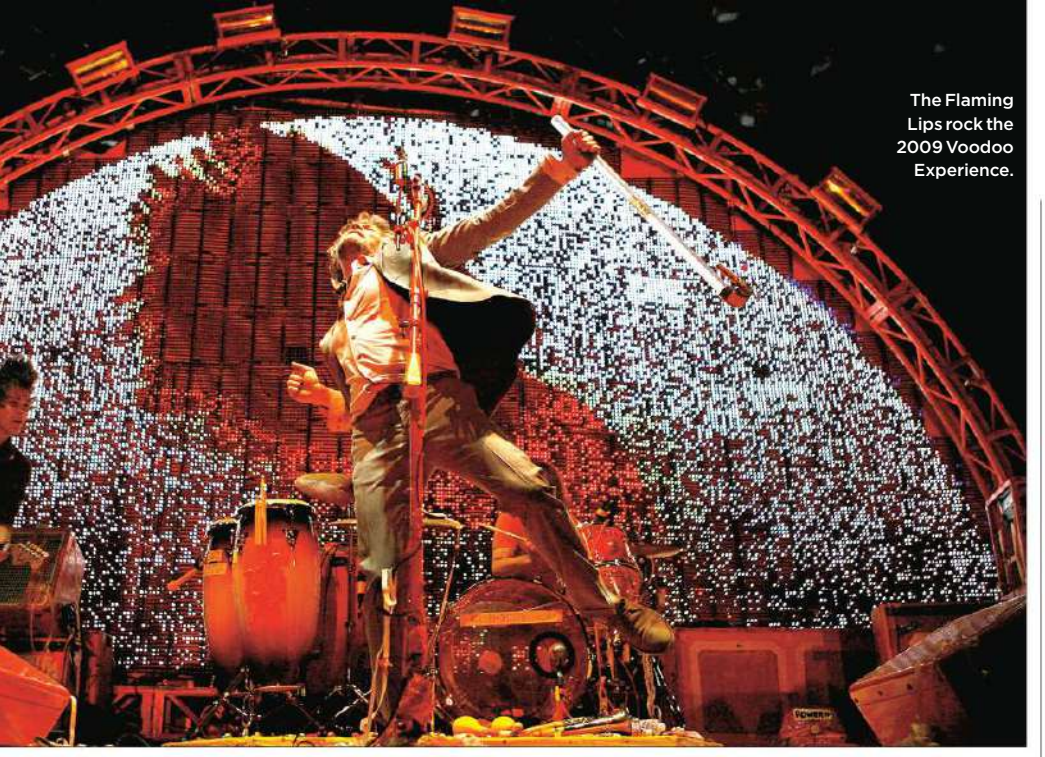
❖ Be wary of the hurricane—and we're not talking another Katrina. The hurricane, as poured at the legendary Pat O'Brien's and other French Quarter watering holes, is a sickly sweet rum



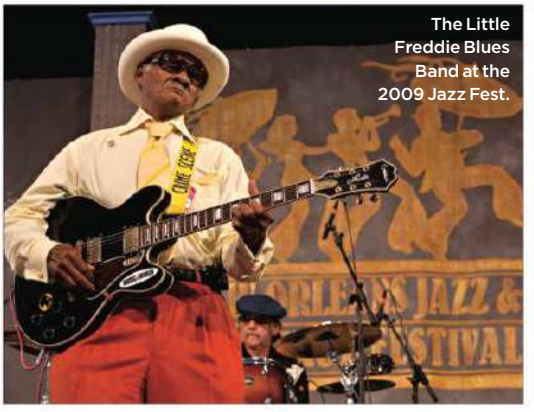
Wayne Coyne of the Flaming Lips with a fan at Voodoo 2009

The Rebirth Brass Band

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE FLAMING LIPS) C FLANIGAN/FILMMAGIC; (REBIRTH BRASS BAND) CHRISTIE GOODWIN/REDFERNS/GETTY



The Flaming Lips rock the 2009 Voodoo Experience.



The Little Freddie Blues Band at the 2009 Jazz Fest.

Beyoncé heats up the 2009 Essence Music Festival.

JAZZ FEST, THE VOODOO EXPERIENCE, AND THE ESSENCE FESTIVAL ARE MAJOR EVENTS, BUT THIS IS A STONE-COLD MUSIC CITY EVERY NIGHT.

concoction that will stain your lips and tongue bright red—not a flattering look. Even worse, excessive consumption will yield a most unfortunate illustration of the term "Technicolor yawn." Also be leery of the hand grenade or any other specialty drink in a souvenir container; you're paying tourist prices, and anticipating the alcohol's effect is tricky. Boozewise, it's best to stick to what you know.

v It is an oft-proved maxim: Chicks dig hats. Matching headgear can also help you pick out members of your crew from the Bourbon Street crowd. Skip the novelty knockoffs and visit Meyer the Hatter, just across Canal Street from the Quarter. Since 1894, the Meyer family has topped off locals and visitors alike with felt and straw hats from Dobbs, Biltmore, Kangol, and other quality manufacturers. Step out smartly in a set of Kangol "Patchwork Arnold" checkered fedoras and heads will turn to check out yours.

v Nighttime is the right time in New Orleans, but daytime is not just for sleeping. Take your band of brothers to the sprawling National World War II Museum in the Warehouse District; the weaponry is especially impressive. The Audubon Insectarium and the Aquarium of the Americas are neighbors at the foot of Canal Street, and good for post-heavy-drinking afternoon relaxation. Don't miss the shark-infested Gulf of Mexico tank, then chill for a Zen moment in the Insectarium's butterfly room to steel yourself for more heavy drinking later.

v Prefer a more natural setting? Spend a day scoping gators, herons, and nutria—semiaquatic rodents whose name translates to "mouse beaver"—amid moss-draped cypress trees on a swamp tour. Numerous companies offer hotel pickup in downtown New Orleans; some swamps are only 20 minutes outside the city. For a literally hair-raising adventure, sign up for an airboat tour. These shallow-draft skiffs are propelled by six-foot-tall fans and roaring 450-horsepower engines, so they skim the water at a brisk 35 miles an hour.

v Looking for a truly old-school New Orleans experience? The Napoleon House, at the corner of Chartres and St. Louis streets in the French Quarter, dates to the early 1800s, and hasn't changed much since. Settle in at a table along the open windows with a Pimm's Cup and a spicy muffuletta sandwich and drift back in time. Or board the St. Charles Avenue streetcar line downtown and ride along the oak-shrouded avenue past grand old mansions. Zone out to the lazy rhythm of the steel wheels, especially soothing to the hangover-impaired.

v "Salon" is too frou-frou a term for Aidan Gill for Men. Gill has crafted a well-appointed barbershop/man cave devoted to the lost art of male grooming. Splurge on a "Shave at the End of the Galaxy," a coma-inducing 30-minute process involving oils, ample lather, and hot towels plucked from an antique chrome steamer. If the ever-sardonic, bowtie-sporting Mr. Gill can't talk you all out of matrimony, he may still share with the groom a congratulatory—or sympathetic—nip from his private stash of well-aged whiskey.

v Feeling lucky? The Mississippi Gulf coast, with its plethora of casinos, is the Las Vegas of the South, and only an hour's drive from New Orleans. Boomtown Casino and the Treasure Chest are floating riverboat casinos in the city's outlying suburbs. Table minimums on the boats are generally lower than at Harrah's New Orleans Casino, a massive 115,000-square-foot brick edifice alongside the Mississippi River downtown. Inside, Mardi Gras–themed decor, complete with larger-than-life jesters, sparkles in the perpetual twilight. More than 2,100 slot machines and 100 gaming tables—including 20 devoted to poker—cater to high- and low-rollers alike. Jamie Foxx famously scrapped with Harrah's security guards while in town filming *Ray,* but most patrons, like all visitors to New Orleans, are content to *laissez les bons temps rouler*—let the good times roll.

Beware of hurricane

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE FLAMING LIPS AND BEYONCÉ) SEAN GARDNER/GETTY IMAGES, (LITTLE FREDDIE KING) SKIP BOLEN/EPA/CORBIS, (THE HURRICANE) AGE FOTOSTOCK

Going for the Gold

Every year, the nation's hottest erotic dancers are invited to go head-to-head in the real pants-off dance-off competition. It's the steamiest post–Mardi Gras party in town.

The girls going wild on Bourbon Street during Mardi Gras are entertaining, sure—who doesn't want to see chicks flashing tits? Still, those girls ain't got nothing on strippers strutting their stuff. The guest list for the Gold G-String Awards at the Penthouse Club New Orleans boasts the sexiest dancers from across the country, and the respect they have for one another's talent never gets in the way of their attempts to outdo each other's onstage ecdysiasm. The dancers pull out all the stops, getting wet and wild, working the pole and hanging rings, and getting painted and even sanded—literally: Gia Nova took a metal grinder to her breast plate.

This year marks the tenth Penthouse Gold G-String competition. The ladies will descend on the New Orleans Penthouse Club for four nights of sizzling competition starting February 17. For more information, visit PenthouseGStringAwards.com.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF RICHARD ANDERSON

1. The overall winners are surrounded by their comely competition. 2. Shay Lynn swung onstage on a rope before painting the town ... and bringing home the silver medal in the Magazine competition. 3. Schevelle won the Centerfold competition and took home the overall bronze third-place trophy. 4. The 2008 overall winner, Aspen Reign, won the Universe Award. 5. Keira Reily won the Showgirl category and took the overall silver for the second year in a row. We're sure she'll be on fire at this year's event as she vies for the top prize. 6. The lithe and leggy Rachelle Laree followed up her 2008 overall bronze with a gold medal in the Magazine category before winning the overall gold.

Rocco Reed and London Keyes.

Confessions of a Camgirl

Penthouse Features

Watching a camgirl give 24/7 access to her deepest, darkest erotic exploits is every man's fantasy, and this offering from Cams.com brings that virtual experience to life with a night-in-the-life look at online exhibitionists. Whether you like your sex meaty or vegetarian, every scene's a winner. Penthouse Pet Shawna Leneé is—as is typical for her—on fire with uncut Danny Mountain, who lays some righteous stick on the bubbly blonde fuck machine. Pet Veronica Ricci turns in a solid girl-girl performance with Angelina Ashe that same-sex fans will cream over. But my new fantasy girl? London Keyes, a piece of Asian-American ass with the type of curvy figure you can't help but lust after. Her sloppy, dirty blowjob, with its solid facefucking, gives London ample opportunity to demonstrate her erotic expertise as she milks the cock, paying careful attention to the head and shaft, before plunging it deep inside her poon—a truly enticing snatch, with its light dusting of bush and delicate lips. Enthusiastic and compelling, London bounces between fucking and sucking like a nasty little slut and should have you tight in the trousers (if they aren't already down at your knees). Having her finish the scene with an additional jack-off quickie is an excellent touch. Brynn Tyler and Kiera King round out a sexy, dependable crew of fuckstresses who make this a DVD worth repeat viewings.

By Johnny Bronx

SECRETS OF A TROPHY WIFE
Penthouse Features

If you like your pornlets slim, small-breasted, and with the kind of haughty, almost arrogant beauty that begs for a little good-natured defiling, Kiara Diane is for you. The posh honey-blonde delivers the goods—and more—in this surprisingly tender, plot-driven porno; her scenes are sensual, well-paced erotic excursions that become fiery sexual journeys. The first, with Steven St. Croix, starts off slow and almost distractingly romantic, but amps up to a rollicking throwdown that sends her tiny titties bouncing and leaves her pussy gaping. Her show-closing coupling features a pounding from Rocco Reed that leaves her grateful and satisfied (no doubt you will be as well). Bottom-heavy Alexis Texas turns in a smoker with Tommy Gunn that displays the oral chops and sexual aggression that's earned her a righteous fan base. The two of them elevate this disc to fantastically fulfilling heights. It should appeal to your lady friends as well.

THE FETISH MANSION
Penthouse Variations

Codi Carmichael and Steven St. Croix visit a house of kinky delights to spice up their marriage, and take a trip to heaven as they're serviced by demanding yet accommodating mistresses. After some punishing roleplay and a little verbal abuse, busty blonde powerhouse Aiden Starr works over St. Croix, using her wet, soft mouth to raise his cock, then giving up her fine cunt for its pleasure. Carmichael gets a similar but softer workout from Roxanne Hall, learning what us guys already know—pussy rules! By the end of their stay, the couple winds up sharing some dirty delights together, bringing everything from feathers to ice cubes to bondage into play (their scene reaches one of several climaxes when he fucks her with a vibrator as she sits between his legs). The action is well-captured by director Stuart Canterbury, who achieves that elusive combination of visual style and erotic heat that porn consumers crave.

Above left: Alexis Texas and Tommy Gunn. Above: Steven St. Croix and Codi Carmichael.

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our blue heaven

Kelly Ann's lush curves may conjure corny pickup lines about whether it hurt when she fell from heaven, but she's no angel: "I was a good girl when I was growing up, a varsity cheerleader who dated the captain of the football team. I'm more of a bad girl now."

Photographs by Emma Nixon

"I'm pretty happy with my life, but if I could change one thing about myself, I'd get rid of my PMS. I hate being moody."

"My favorite fantasy is to make love at the top of the Eiffel Tower, but I'm not always about the girlie romance. The most exciting place I've ever had sex is in the staircase of a mall parking garage."

"If I could have sex with anyone, it would be the guy I lost my virginity with. I was so nervous and speechless at the time that I really want a do-over!"

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MASSAGE THERAPY

I slowly lift your shirt over your head and undo your bra clasp. Your breasts hang there, so firm, so full, and as I push down your pants, I give your nipple a kiss. Then I bring my mouth back up to your neck, my breath hot and humid against your skin. I stand back to let my eyes take in your amazing body and the blood rushes straight to my cock, making it harder.

I take you to the bed and lay you down on your tummy, pausing as your movements expose your tight, firm ass in your thong. I pull you close to me, loving the feeling of your heavenly ass against my hard cock. Then I start to massage you. I begin at your feet and work my way up your ankles, calves, thighs, rubbing deep to relax your tense muscles. I spread your legs slightly, getting a peek of your panty-covered pussy. Next, I move up to massage your butt. I spend some extra time here, and every now and then graze the string of your thong and rub your dampening slit.

I move up your back to your shoulders, and as I do I lean in and place a knee between your thighs, pressing it against your wet snatch. I rub your shoulders and begin lightly kissing the back of your neck. Then I grab your hips and flip you over.

I pull you close to me, so my cock is pressing against your pussy, and start rubbing your thighs, moving closer and closer to your pleasure zone. It's so wet! I move my hands up to caress your breasts, lightly running my fingers over your hard nipples.

I lean closer, my cock pressing harder against your cunt, and begin licking one nipple while pinching the other. I don't stay there for long, though, and move up to kiss your shoulders, your neck, your ears. My dick is snug against your pussy, and I can feel it pushing against your panties, as if it's trying to get inside.

You feel so juicy and wet that I want to rip off your panties and take you, but I wait, continuing the slow seduction. I start kissing back down your body, pressing my lips to every inch of your chest and belly. Meanwhile, I use my fingers to pull your panties down to your ankles. You kick them away and I kiss your thighs again, my fingers tickling your tummy and breasts. I move to your lips, which are so wet they're dripping, and dive in, engulfing you with my mouth and rapidly flicking my tongue against your clit.

You start to moan and move your hips in excitement as I squeeze your butt with one hand and finger your pussy with the other. With two fingers, I make a come-hither motion, stroking your G spot as I continue to eat you. You climax moments later, sweat glistening on your body from the intensity of your orgasm, but I don't stop. Your juices are running out of you, and I use my fingers to slide them up and down your pussy and back to your asshole. You moan in delight as I slip a finger inside your ass, and as I push in deeper you get more excited.

With my tongue still working on your wetness, I thrust my finger in and out of your ass as you begin to build up to another climax. It hits you a moment later and you scream out in ecstasy. I can't believe you're coming again so soon!

When you're finished, I nudge you to turn over onto all fours. I line my cock up and rub it on your pussy, your hot juices clinging to my cockhead. Slowly I penetrate you, and you let out a soft sigh as I fill you. Then I grab your hips and start to thrust back and forth. I reach forward and grab your breasts, cupping them and pulling your upper body toward mine. You look back to kiss me passionately, and while we're kissing you suddenly start to come.

You drop back down onto your arms and thrust hard toward me, your ass banging against my hips as we speed up the pace of our fucking. You shriek in excitement, and as your muscles contract around my shaft, I finally let loose, pulling you to me and filling you with my come.

We lie on the bed, cuddling and catching our breath. When we smile at each other, lust in our eyes, I ask one simple question: "Ready for another go?"—*Name and address withheld*

I lean closer, my cock pressing harder against your cunt, and begin licking one nipple while pinching the other.

SWEET SIXTY-NINE

I buried my head between Amy's thighs, inhaling her scent before pushing my tongue deep between her folds and eating the pussy I'd been dreaming of for days. She had been out of town for almost a week, and while we had talked on the phone and e-mailed each other—and had phone- and cybersex many, many times—it wasn't the same as having her at home. After all the dirty talk, I could think only of her cunt.

PENTHOUSE
JEWELRY BY BODY VIBE
Which Pet Are You?
Laidback? Clever? Sexy?
Driven?
Naughty?
Will you ride bikes like the wind?
Star in a movie?
Give him a lap dance?
Invent a vaccine?
Or run in the rain with nothing but your smile on?
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She took a cab from the airport, and the minute she walked through the door I was on her, touching her, kissing her, luxuriating in having her in my arms again. I was dripping with anticipation and horny as hell, and after five days without her to help sate my desires, my pussy was screaming for attention.

We started stripping each other—or I started stripping her, since I was wearing only an oversize T-shirt—and then we were on the couch, our bodies pressed tightly together as we kissed and caressed every inch of each other. We ground our pussies against each other's and tried to finger each other as we kissed, but it wasn't enough.

We were soon in a sixty-nine, and Amy's cunt was now fully accessible. I growled hungrily at the tasty treat in front of me and dove right in, licking the juices that were clinging to her luscious lips. When I'd lapped up all of her dew, I pushed my tongue past her lips and began tongue-fucking her. I alternated between thrusting my tongue hard like a cock and wiggling it around more gently, swirling it to try to reach every inch of her inner walls.

Meanwhile, Amy was fingering my cunt, and each thrust of her fingers caused me to moan out loud. I felt three fingers fucking me, changing the tempo between fast strokes and more delicate ones. She had me so aroused that I could barely focus on the warm, wet pussy in front of me.

After a few more minutes I thrust a couple of fingers in and out of her pussy while my mouth moved to her clit, nibbling and sucking her hot little button. She started to mimic my actions, but she was so excited that she couldn't focus. That was fine with me, though. I was more interested in her pleasure than mine.

Once I launched a full-on attack on her pussy, she went crazy. Her hips were thrusting her cunt closer to my mouth and her legs tightened around me as she tried to draw me closer still. When she gave up eating my pussy entirely, I knew she was close to the edge. I quickly replaced my tongue with my fingers and fucked her hard. My mouth moved back up to her clit, and I sucked with all my might.

Suddenly she exploded, her juices flowing over my fingers and her body writhing uncontrollably beneath me. I didn't let up until she gave one final scream of pleasure and went limp.

She's leaving for a business trip again tomorrow, and though she'll only be gone for three days this time, I know her return will be equally erotic!—*J.K., Michigan*

We ground our pussies against each other's and tried to finger each other as we kissed, but it wasn't enough.

n LETTER-PERFECT SEX

My girlfriend, Kelly, and I had always wanted to try a threesome, but while I wanted to add another girl to the mix, Kelly wanted a guy. I was hesitant at first, but when Kelly promised the other guy wouldn't do anything to me—and that we could have as many threesomes with girls as I wanted afterward—I was convinced.

She invited a guy she'd met at a party to our place for drinks a few nights later, and she thought a great way to break the ice would be to play a game. A three-person poker game seemed silly, and videogames wouldn't exactly get anyone in the mood, so Kelly decided on Scrabble. "You can only spell dirty words," she said. "If you can't make a word, you take something off." Strip Scrabble. Clearly she'd thought this through.

Throughout the game, Kelly flirted with Todd and me, and eventually she started to fool around with both of us, making out with us and pulling out our cocks to jerk us off. She even blew both of us for a couple of minutes, but she refused to end the game. It wasn't until Todd and I were rock-hard—and Kelly was horny as hell—that she spelled out FUCK ME with her Scrabble tiles. Well, she didn't have to tell us twice! In seconds, the board game was shoved aside and the three of us were in a naked heap on the floor.

Todd and I were all over Kelly, sucking her tits and licking her cunt and running our hands over her hot, tight flesh—and Kelly loved every minute of it. The more we gave her, the more she wanted, and after only a few minutes of foreplay, she once again demanded that we fuck her.

My doubts sprang up again, but only for a split second—until I realized that I would get to fuck Kelly's hot ass without having to think about anything but my own pleasure. Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea after all.

Moving my girlfriend between us, Todd and I felt her up a bit more, making sure she was really ready for us. While Todd aimed his hard dick at Kelly's pussy, I lubed up my shaft before pointing it at her sweet little sphincter. I pushed into her first, and when I had an inch or two of my cock buried between her cheeks, Todd started to enter her cunt. We slowly pushed in the rest of the way, and when we finally stopped, Kelly

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sandwiched tight between us, she sighed and said how delightfully full she felt. And then, a third time, she demanded that we fuck her—hard.

This time Todd took the lead, and after a few strokes I joined in, picking up his rhythm and making sure Kelly always had one dick buried inside her. We were really giving it to her, and she couldn't stop moaning. She had at least three orgasms before either Todd or I had even one, and it was so fuckin' hot to see my girlfriend in the throes of pleasure with another guy—and be plowing her myself at the exact same time!

We fucked our hearts out for what felt like hours, but it was probably only 20 minutes. Then we climaxed. Todd shot off first, and he made sure we both knew he was coming, yelling at the top of his lungs. My turn came next, and, as usual, filling Kelly's ass with my cream was a totally erotic experience. And my God, did I come hard! Finally Kelly came—for the fourth time—thrashing against Todd and me wildly. By the time it was over, we were fucking exhausted. After a quick shower to revive ourselves, though, we were ready for another game. As it turns out, board games and threesomes go together pretty damn well!—*D.T., Virginia*

I'M LIVING HIS FANTASY

I was shocked when my husband, Pete, brought home a copy of your magazine, and even more shocked when he told me how excited he got reading the stories about husbands who watch their wives having sex and women who take younger lovers.

When I read the stories, I got turned on, too, but before he could even ask, I told him I'd never do such a thing. Unbeknownst to him, though, I'd been getting fucked regularly by an 18-year-old for six months ... and fucking Pete's friend for even longer.

My affair with the 18-year-old started when Pete's friend Adam failed to show up for a date. I was disappointed because I was so horny, but I was determined to make the most of the afternoon and lie out in the backyard. A high fence and shrubbery gave me all the privacy I'd need. I removed my panties, lay down, and closed my eyes. I spread my legs and began rubbing my pussy, relishing the cool breeze that was blowing across the yard. I was so relaxed that I eventually dozed off.

I started dreaming about a young stud licking my inner thighs and pussy,

and it felt so real and intense that it woke me with a jolt. Then, when I opened my eyes, I got quite a surprise.

Brandon, my son's friend, actually had his head between my thighs and his tongue in my wet pussy! I'd always thought he was shy around women, but there was nothing shy about the way he was holding my ass and burying his face in my twat. He gave me a slightly embarrassed grin and was about to run away, until I stopped him. "Oh, it feels so good," I said, calming his nerves and getting him more excited so he'd continue.

He eagerly went back to work between my thighs, giving me tremendous pleasure and using his fingers to bring me off. I came several times before he decided to go for broke. In a flash, off came his shoes, socks, and shorts. I saw his cock throbbing as he climbed over me, and reached down to guide him to my pussy.

Brandon sure knew what he was doing! He drove me wild, varying his thrusting speed and the rotation of

It was so hot to see my girlfriend with another guy—and be plowing her myself at the same time!

his hips. He even held my legs up and fucked me that way. I came several more times with him like that.

He fucked me like a pro, and I took all he could give me until he grunted and filled me with his come, my belly tingling as he rolled off me, leaving both of us sweaty.

That was the beginning of a mutually satisfying affair that continues to this day. And, oh, yeah, I still fuck my husband's friend, too. I'm not sure that I'll ever let my husband in on my secret, though. Why ruin a good thing?—*Name and address withheld*

n ROUGH AND TUMBLE

"I'm going to fuck you until you can't walk," he'd said. As I lay in bed, exhausted, I knew he'd done it.

I'd just walked in the door when he'd pulled me to him and started attacking my lips with his own, his tongue delving into my mouth, exploring every inch. From there, it had been straight to the bedroom. He'd hoisted me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and raced upstairs, silencing me with a light whack on my ass every time I tried to ask him what had gotten into him.

I knew Jay had been especially horny lately, but this was beyond what I'd ever expected from him. But I liked his aggressive side, and every time he smacked my butt I felt my pussy twitch, the warmth from his hand spreading throughout my entire body.

When we reached the bedroom he tossed me onto the bed, then crawled over me, pulling off articles of clothing as he went. First my skirt was tugged down my legs, and I was sure it would be ripped, since he hadn't upzipped it. Then my shirt was torn open, the buttons flying around the room. Finally, he made quick work of my bra and panties before getting naked himself.

Then he was back on top of me, his body pressing into mine as his lips sought mine out once more. He started kissing and licking his way down my body until he reached my cunt. I was already moist when he got there, and he sighed when he saw the dew clinging to my pussy lips.

He quickly started laving my pussy with his broad tongue, and when he pulled his head back up to tell me how tasty I was, his face was slick with my juice. Then he dove back in, his tongue thrusting into my pussy like a tiny dick. It felt like heaven, and I moaned loudly in appreciation. When he added a finger to the mix, I lost it and started to mumble incoherent nonsense, my orgasm clouding my brain. I'd never come so quickly, and I was in awe of his sudden ability to make me climax with so little foreplay.

Then he started kissing his way back up my body, and when he reached my lips, I hungrily kissed him, loving the taste of myself on his tongue. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever experienced.

I felt his rock-hard dick bumping against my slit and got even more excited at the prospect of a good fucking.

A moment later I felt his rock-hard dick bumping against my slit and got even more excited at the prospect of a good fucking. Holding himself up on his arms, he wiggled into place and penetrated me. It took him a few thrusts to get all the way inside, but seconds later, he was driving into me. He went slowly at first, easing his seven-inch dick out until only the very tip was still between my nether lips before pushing back in just as slowly. But he started increasing his speed every few thrusts, and before long he was humping furiously, his cock moving only an inch or two with each stroke.

Then I started bucking against him, my hips lifting off the bed as fast as they could, our bodies slapping together loudly as we both moved wildly. Lovemaking with Jay was usually much calmer, much gentler, and this new rough side of him was turning me on immensely. Every time he grunted instead of whispered, banged into me instead of glided, kissed me hard instead of soft, I could feel myself getting closer to the edge.

After a few more hard thrusts, I felt my pussy start to throb. I came harder than ever before. It felt like fireworks were going off inside me when a series of orgasms rippled through my body.

A minute later, Jay was coming, too. He started pumping faster and then he shot his load, filling my pussy with his semen. He didn't stop thrusting, though, until he'd emptied his balls and was completely spent. Then he rolled off me, lay down on the bed, and pulled me against his chest.

I don't know what got into Jay that day, and I don't really care. All I need to know is that he's been insatiable ever since—and so have I! We can't get enough of each other, and I wouldn't have it any other way.—*J.D., California*

n SINGLE WHITE FEMALE

As a single woman, I get my pick of the couples at big swing parties, and last night's was no different. I went to the party with a couple I've known for a few months. We always have a good time. When we got there, I spotted another couple I like to swing with, and played matchmaker. The two couples would hit it off, I was sure of it, and I wanted to play with all of them that night, so hooking them up was in everyone's best interest.

I hurried the couple I was with to the bar, where the other couple was sharing a drink. Everyone was already in their underwear, and after

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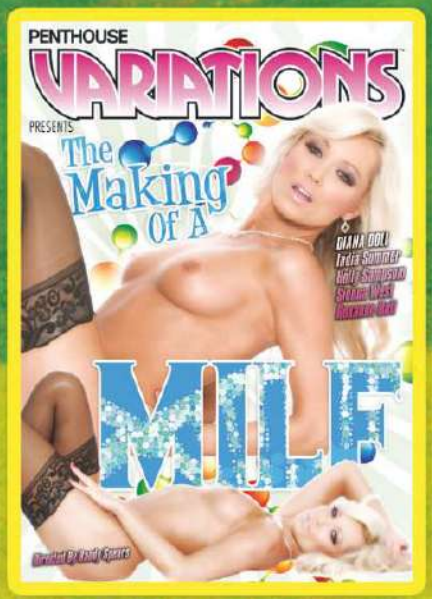

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a brief introduction, I stood back and watched the sparks fly. Lena and Gary were definitely interested in playing with Tim and Kate; I could tell by the way they touched them as they talked, their hands dipping closer to their hips, butts, crotches, with each statement. When they started to paw me, too, telling one another what a wonderful third I was, I knew we'd be hooking up in no time.

It started innocently enough, with everyone discussing my best qualities. Lena said it was my tits, because she and Gary loved sucking them, and she unclasped my bra to show the other couple my very suckable nipples. Tim agreed my tits were my best feature, but for a different reason—he liked to fuck them. Kate, however, said she liked my pussy best, and she pulled my panties down to prove her point. "See how big her clit is?" she said. "I love to touch her there and watch her come. She's a real gusher, too!"

By now everyone had their hands on me and we had to move away from the bar to make room for the other revelers. We found an empty bed in the back of the club, and I started to tell each couple what I liked about the other pair. By the time I'd told them how much I liked Gary's fingers in my cunt, everyone was touching everyone else, underwear being strewn carelessly about our corner.

Soon I found myself on the bed on all fours, with Lena crawling toward me to suckle my tits. She moved back and forth between them, her tongue laving one nipple and then the other, pinching and biting between licks. Then Tim was on me, his cock thrusting into my pussy from behind. He was big, and he filled me up fast. I loved it!

A moment later Kate joined us, getting between Lena's legs to eat her cunt—and let me tell you, Kate's the best cunt-eater I've met. By the time Gary got his act together enough to feed me his already-oozing prick, Lena was going crazy from Kate's tongue-work.

Tim started thrusting harder and harder into me, and as my tits jiggled, Lena had to work to keep her mouth on my nipples. She started wiggling around, trying to get a better angle, and it forced Kate to wiggle around, too. The sight of her ass bobbing in the air to my right was one of the hottest of the evening so far, and I felt my pussy throb in excitement. I was going to come soon.

I picked up my pace on Gary's cock, twirling my tongue with expertise before deep-throating his giant prick. That set him off, and he shot his load as I eased my mouth up his shaft. As soon as I'd gulped his seed, he scurried around to stick his still-hard cock into Kate's cunt—she was the only one of us not being pleased.

While Gary plowed Kate's pussy, she continued to eat Lena to a screaming climax. Finally, there were just the two fucking couples left, me and Tim, and Gary and Kate. I came first, my pussy spasming wildly around Tim's dick. He came next, and after filling me with come, he pulled out and aimed his last shot at my ass, his favorite thing to do. Then it was Kate's turn, and she went wild, burying her head in Lena's cunt as she climaxed, muffling her screams in the other woman's pussy. And finally Gary came, giving out his second load of the night.

When we were all done, we collapsed on the bed for a few minutes of rest. Then I went to get everyone water from the bar. Round two was coming up, and I wanted everyone to be ready!—*A.D., New Jersey*

All four of them had their hands on me and we had to move. We found an empty bed in the back of the club.

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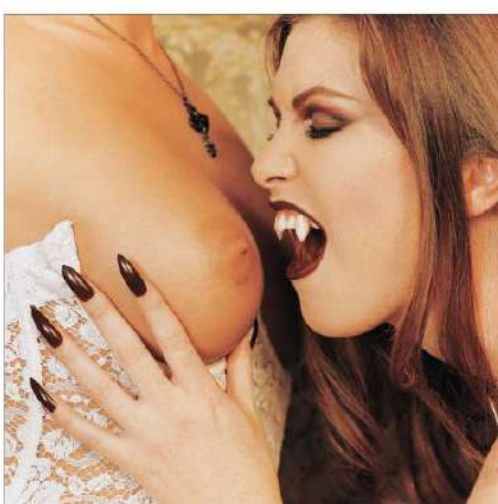
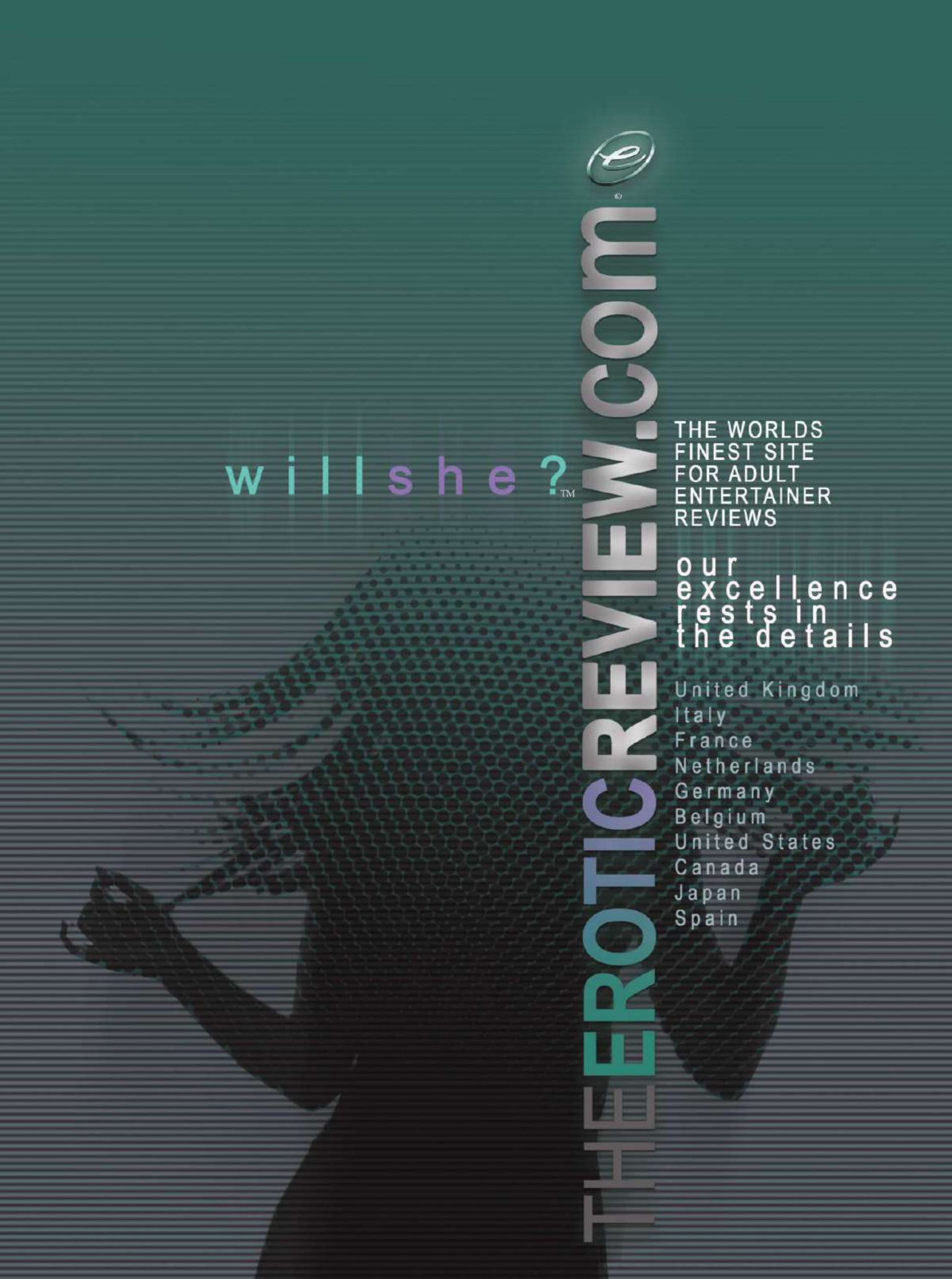
There Will Be Blood

Inspired by the inclusion of some voluptuous vamps in our roundup of sapphic sweethearts (see page 12), we revisit our November 2001 issue. Looks like we anticipated the current obsession with the undead, with this showcase of dark gifts from August 1998 Pet of the Month Aimee Sweet and 2003 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Kelle Marie.

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